

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume II. }

No. 1512. — May 31, 1873.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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## GOLDEN SAILS.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY SMART.

I WATCHED the seawinds wake and fill  
 The sails that bare my love from me;  
 I climbed the lofty lighthouse hill  
 To catch them gleaming down the sea.  
 I looked towards my lonely home,  
 I heard the shipmen gaily sing,  
 As swift they swept across the foam,  
 Against the gold red sunset ring.  
 And ever when my lone heart fails,  
 To this sweet comfort shall I hold;  
 — I saw my true love's passing sails,  
 But they were lit with gleams of gold.

In hope I wait; the years go by;  
 I gaze across the cruel tide,  
 The kind-heart gossips draw them nigh,  
 To weep in pity at my side.  
 They tell me of wild stormy skies,  
 Of one that comes no more to me,  
 They whisper how he drowned lies,  
 Ah, dead! my love, far out at sea.  
 But, when my broken spirit fails,  
 A glimpse of other worlds is given:  
 The jasper sea, glad Home-set sails,  
 All golden with the lights of Heaven.  
 The Month. F. E. W.

## WILLY.

HE sits upon his mother's knee,  
 Patient, with eyes that cannot see.  
 He hears the soughing of the trees,  
 He hears the booming of the bees  
 Among the myrtles and the thyme.

He knows when one has stayed his boom,  
 In sweeping through the sunny room,  
 Knows that its velvet body lies  
 Drawing the sweetness of its prize  
 Out of the slender lily's chime.

He knows the time for flowers to blow;  
 What time the first red rose should show;  
 When the first nest is lined, to hold  
 Its little eggs; and just how old  
 The starlings are, beneath the thatch.

But if the trees be green or not;  
 Or if the bumble-bee have spot  
 Upon his velvet legs or head;  
 Or if the eggs the sparrow laid  
 Be blue, or brown, or all to match,

He cannot tell you. God has made  
 This Willy blind. He lives in shade  
 Far darker than the yew trees throw  
 Over the garden. Yet there grow  
 Sweet flowers of heaven in his heart.

To us he cannot say, "I see."  
 Much that we know of, knows not he.  
 So Willy in a world alone  
 Keeps 'mid delights that are his own,  
 He has his garden set apart.

He talks to God, in angel's tongue,  
 And in his heart such songs are sung  
 As our dull ears can never hear.  
 He would not have us drop one tear,  
 Since he is happy, having God.

Willy in darkness is not sad.  
 We, who have sight, and all things glad,  
 Are we as patient as is he?  
 Father, oh teach us so to be,  
 And in the end, let Willy see!  
 Good Things. C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

## AN ENGLISH SWALLOW-SONG.

THE Rhodians in their sunny isle  
 Sang swallow-songs to greet  
 Thy sight, where roses ever smile,  
 And all the skies are sweet.

Here, myriad welcomes greet thy wing,  
 That gladsome twitt'ring cry,  
 As down the river, bird of Spring,  
 Thou sweetest glitt'ring by!

A speck that dims the living blue,  
 An instant dost thou gleam,  
 A sudden flash of light shot through  
 The joys of April's dream.

For many a day beside the flow  
 Of waters may we pass,  
 No blossoms by the current blow,  
 No daisies star the grass;

The sullen streams in eddies curl  
 'Neath clouds piled ridge o'er ridge;  
 O bliss! when first in joyous whirl  
 Thou dashest round the bridge;

For, gleeful creature, on thy flight  
 Perpetual summer tends;  
 Egypt's hot sands thou quitt'st at night,  
 To glad with morn old friends;

To circle o'er the drowsy wood;  
 Beneath my roof to rear  
 In trustful guilelessness thy brood;  
 To skim the lilled mere;

Charming me daily with thy wheels  
 Above the murmurous lime,  
 Soothing my fancy till it feels  
 No more the weight of time;

Till hopes long dead and love's sweet pain  
 Revive before thy wing,  
 And youthful longings bud again,  
 As in Life's golden Spring.

A myriad welcomes, then, be thine,  
 Bright bird! for thou hast brought  
 Old memories to me, pleasures fine,  
 And many a precious thought!

Ah! cheer my garden, cheer the land,  
 Where'er thy pinions roam!  
 And round these limes, by zephyrs fanned,  
 Forget the salt sea-foam!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Fortnightly Review.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY.

I WAS led lately, in the course of lecturing at the Royal Institution on what I ventured to call Comparative Politics, into a somewhat full examination, and into a still further course of reflexion, as to the different ideas of the State, as entertained in the small commonwealths of old Greece and in the large countries of modern Europe. In what the main difference consists is obvious. In the one case, the State of which a man is a member, and to which his public duties are owing, is conceived as being a city; in the other case it is conceived as being a nation or country of large extent, whether kingdom or commonwealth matters not. The train of thought into which that inquiry led made me think whether it was not closely connected with another which had been for some time in my mind, but which would have been quite unfit for discussion in what was meant to be a scientific comparison of various forms of government and their origin. Many things, both great and small, forcibly bring before the mind the thought that there is a sense in which we who live in the great kingdoms and commonwealths of modern Europe, are less patriotic than the citizens of the ancient city-communities. There are many points in which our political life is far more healthy than theirs was; but it certainly seems that we have not, as a rule, that living feeling of the State, as something ever present to our thoughts, as something demanding of us constant efforts and constant sacrifices, which the loyal citizens of an ancient or mediæval commonwealth certainly had. Modern European nations are certainly not lacking in national feeling, nor are they lacking in readiness to do their duty to their country to the full under the pressure and excitement of actual warfare. The last great war has fully shown this; no one can charge either the French or the German army with any failure either in professional courage or in patriotic feeling of a higher kind. The very cry of "*nous sommes trahis*" on every occasion of defeat, utterly unreasonable as it is, and fatal to all energetic action, is itself a sign

of strong national feeling. Still, the idea of the State as almost a personal being, as a living parent whose welfare should be present to every man's thoughts at every moment of his life, the feeling which reached its height when the personified City of Rome became an object of worship and sacrifice, is certainly felt in Modern Europe in a much lower degree than it was in Athens or Florence. The difference is, I think, one of the unavoidable differences between large and small states; for we must remember that, in contrast to the city-communities of Greece and Italy, the smallest European kingdom must be counted as a large state. Of small states on the ancient or mediæval scale, modern Europe can no longer show any examples. Andorre and San Marino are rather curious survivals of a past state of things than practical members of the European body. The smaller Cantons of Switzerland, the few surviving Free Cities of Germany, still keep much in common with the ancient commonwealths; but the restrictions of the Federal tie hinder them from showing forth their political life in all its fullness. And Switzerland, as a whole, undoubtedly ranks as a large state compared with Athens or Sparta. I insist on this question of size, because I feel sure that the difference of which I speak has more to do with the size of the state than with the form of its government, shutting out, of course, mere anarchy and mere tyranny, as not worthy to be called forms of government at all. In a large state, in our sense, be it of the size of Denmark or of the size of Russia, it is impossible that the existence of the State can be brought home to every man as something in which he is personally and daily concerned, in the same way in which it can in a state composed only of a single city. The average citizen cannot have the same constant personal knowledge of public affairs, the same personal share in them, which he may have in a city-commonwealth. Be the constitution of the State never so free, the ordinary citizen hears more of a government which is set over him than of a commonwealth of which he forms a part. The natural, the unavoidable, result is a comparative

deadness of public feeling. On a great emergency, a war for instance, when the being of the State and his personal duties towards it are strongly brought home to him, the citizen of a large state will be as ready for patriotic action as the citizen of a small state. But he needs to have the existence of the State, and his duties towards it, brought home to him in this special way. He is not, like the citizen of the small commonwealth, brought face to face with them every moment of his life.

It must, of course, not be forgotten, in comparing the two systems and their different results, that, if we reap the fruits of the worse side of the difference, we reap the fruits of the good side also. If the patriotism of a small state is ardent and active, it is also apt to be turbulent and aggressive. Men who are ready to give their goods and their lives for their own commonwealth are also apt to forget that other commonwealths have equal rights with their own. The ideal Roman, in whose eyes Rome was so precious that himself and all that he had seemed as nothing when compared with her interests, was, from the very same cause, ready to sacrifice truth and justice whenever it seemed that by the sacrifice of truth and justice the interests of Rome could be furthered. The vice and the virtue, the heroic sacrifice of self and the contemptuous disregard for the rights of others, are here so closely connected, the two spring so directly from the same source, that it is hardly possible to draw the line between them. And, following the law which seems to have decreed that the same soil should be fertile in fruits of opposite kinds, where we find the most abundant supply of the most ardent patriotism, we may also look for a corresponding supply of its opposite. As an ascetic age is commonly also a profligate age, so, where patriots are thickest on the ground, we not uncommonly find traitors thickest also. We may be sure that the number of men in England who would willingly die for their country is — putting the case of exposure in warfare out of sight in both cases — relatively smaller than it was at Athens in the

great days of her democracy. But we may be also sure that the number of men who would betray their country for their own gain, the number of men who would seek to win party ends by surrendering or jeopardizing the independence of their country, is relatively smaller in a yet higher degree. The patriot and the traitor in truth sprang from the same root; the traitor was perhaps very often a patriot in his own eyes. We must not think that every oligarch who thought to overthrow the democracy, or even every oligarch who was ready to purchase the destruction of the democracy at the cost of receiving a Spartan garrison, was in his own eyes an enemy of his country. His argument would rather be that he loved Athens so well that he would give her what he deemed the best form of government at any hazard and at any sacrifice. Traitors of this kind, traitors who thus pushed their zeal for a party within their country to such a pitch as to become treason to their country itself, are as natural a growth of a small commonwealth as are the patriots of a more enlightened kind. In a large state party spirit does not run so high; it does not get so easily mixed up with personal enmities. And again, in modern times the political parties in any state for the most part begin and end within that state. Kings have indeed sometimes banded together to destroy popular rights everywhere, and republican propagandists have less commonly preached the overthrow of kings everywhere; but, as a rule, no purely political party in a modern European state would seek to overthrow its political rivals by the help of a foreign force. This again is one of the results of the difference between large and small states. A political party in a modern state may sympathize with the corresponding party in any other state; but it seldom happens that their communications with each other are so easy, or their objects so exactly the same, that they can do much more than sympathize. The feeling of nationality, the difference of language and the like, steps in, and a man feels that he has really more in common with his own countrymen of an op-



posite political party, than he has with foreigners of a party answering to his own. But the oligarchic or the democratic party in any Greek city was something more than an oligarchic or a democratic party in that particular city. It was a branch of a party that was spread through all the cities of Greece, and the citizens of one Greek city were not absolute foreigners to one another in the way that men of different nations in modern Europe are. It was possible that the Greek who wrought treason against his own city might flatter himself with the belief that he was working for the common good of Hellas. It is hardly possible that any man in modern Europe who should try to bring about a political change in his own country by the help of a foreign force could ever persuade himself that he was working for the common good of Europe.

The difference then between small states and great has two sides to it. Each has in some points the advantage of the other. I speak of all this because, in the matter which I have taken in hand, I think that the small states of the old time have the advantage over the great states of our own day. I think that the circumstances of the small commonwealth lead in some respects to a higher and purer tone of political morality; but I am fully aware that this advantage, and the other advantages of a small commonwealth, had to be purchased by great disadvantages the other way. If therefore I point out some things in which I think that we might improve ourselves by the model of a far distant state of things, I would not be understood as striving after, or even as sighing after, a state of things which is beyond our reach, a state of things which, if it were to be had, would most likely not be on the whole any improvement on the state of things in which we find ourselves.

My main point then is that, in the large states of modern Europe, the State, and the duty which each citizen owes to the State, is not, perhaps cannot be, constantly present to men's minds in the same way in which it was present to a patriotic citizen of one of the small commonwealths of past times. It seems to

be taken for granted on a great many subjects that the individual is to be dearer than the State, that public interests, public feelings, and the like, are to be made of less account than private interests and feelings. Except perhaps in such cases as betrayal of military duty, it seems to be commonly taken for granted that an offence, great or small, against the State, is to be looked on as lighter than an offence of the same kind against an individual. Even perhaps in the exception which I have made, the betrayal of military duty, I suspect that in many minds the notion of a breach of a man's personal engagements, of a stain on his professional "honour," would come before the simple notion of crime against the State of which he is a member. It is, I think, certain that a crime against the State, simply as a crime against the State, is not commonly felt to be in the same sense a crime, that it is not visited with the same social penalties, as a purely private crime of the same kind.

Let us take some instances of all kinds, from the smallest up to the greatest. An old Roman held that all private feelings should be sacrificed to public duty of any kind. Lucius Æmilius Paulus celebrated his triumph all the same, although, of the two sons who were left to keep up the succession of his house, one had died a few days before, and the other was seemingly on his death-bed.\* In our time a "domestic affliction" is always held to be reason enough to account for the absence of any public man from any kind of public duty. There no doubt are cases where the "domestic affliction" is so real that nothing short of the iron discipline of old Rome could enable a man to discharge public duties while the blow is still fresh upon him. But we hear the same phrase when we may be sure that the "affliction" and the consequent mourning are purely ceremonial. A man is expected to stay away, not only because his own feelings prompt him to stay away, but because conventional rules require him. Not only would the sacri-

\* See the story in Livy, xlv. 40. He had two other sons, but they had been adopted into other families, the younger Scipio for one of them.

fice of private feeling to public be looked on as a social indecency; it would be looked on as a social indecency if a man did not pretend sorrow and consequent incapacity for business, even when none is really felt. Now we may perhaps debate whether the Roman or the English feeling on this matter is the more healthy; but there can be no doubt as to the principles from which the two feelings severally start. The Roman feeling takes for granted that the State should come before everything else in the minds of all its citizens. The modern feeling takes for granted that the domestic relations come first, and that the State must get what it can after the domestic relations have been satisfied.

Again, everybody will remember how, in the time of the Crimean war, a number of men were allowed to come home from the scene of warfare on the ground of "urgent private business." It would seem indeed that it was only the favoured grandees who were thus highly privileged; we may doubt whether the private business of a drummer-boy, or even that of an ensign without interest, would have been thought urgent enough to allow his public duties to be left behind. But whether the plea was urged in good faith or in bad, the fact that it could be publicly urged at all shows a state of feeling which a Roman or a Spartan commander would not have understood. Leonidas or Manius Curius would have made short work of a lochagos or a centurion who talked of urgent private business at Thermopylai or at Beneventum. Justly or unjustly, the public opinion of Sparta would have put those noble and gallant officers in the same limbo with Aristodemos the Trembler. Such public opinion would have been unjust; it was unjust in the case of Aristodemos. The officers who came home were certainly not cowards in the vulgar sense. They had proved their animal courage amid the excitement of actual fighting; they seem to have disliked the hard, dull, wearing work which followed the fighting. But the point is, that "urgent private business" could in any case be allowed as an excuse for forsaking public business of any kind. It could have been allowed only in a state of society which habitually accepts the principle that private interests should come before public interests.

It is a bold thing to say, but it strikes me that the same feeling lurks under a great deal of the talk which we nowadays

hear about "vested interests." In any public reform it is taken for granted that the reform is to be left imperfect, if any man's private interest would suffer by carrying it out thoroughly. That is to say, in this as in other matters, public interest must give way to private. This worship of vested interests is, I believe, held to be conservative, but it very often is in practice destructive. It often happens that an institution which has become very corrupt might be reformed and might again do good service, if only the particular men who profit by its abuse were turned out, and better men put in their stead. Reformers of almost any age before our own would have preserved the institution, but would have turned out the men who had made it useless or mischievous. The modern fashion is to destroy the institution itself, but to spare those whose faults have brought about its destruction. The sinecurist, the pluralist, the shameless neglecter of all duty, is allowed to keep his ill-gotten gains for life; his vested interests must be tenderly dealt with; but when he dies, the institution which, but for him, might have been reformed is condemned to perish for his fault.

All these ways of looking at things show a very different state of feeling with regard to the State from that which lighted up the patriotism of the citizens of the ancient commonwealths. The thing to be noticed is the way in which, in all cases of these kinds, it is taken for granted, as a matter of course, that the private interest must prevail over the public. The thing is never argued about; it is taken for granted, as an axiom that cannot be doubted. If it were proposed in any case to make vested interests yield to the common good, the cry of "confiscation" would at once be raised. The use of the word itself illustrates the state of feeling of which I speak. In the dialect of Mr. Disraeli and the penny-aliners "confiscation" always means something wicked. It seems to be high-polite for stealing. But "confiscation" is in itself a word purely colourless; it means the taking of anything for the public treasury. When the estates of a felon or traitor were forfeited to the Crown, and when a magistrate fines a man for an assault or a trespass, the process in both cases is confiscation. The vulgar use of the word is doubtless owing to the love of using a big, vague, Latin-sounding word, instead of a short English word about whose meaning there can be no

doubt. But the misuse could have arisen only in a state of things in which people had learned to look on confiscation to the State as the same thing with unjust seizure by a private person. When Mr. Disraeli and other people, in the Irish Church debates, talked big about "confiscation," the implied sentiment, though most likely they did not know it, was the same as that of one of Mr. Dickens's characters — "Rates is a robbery."

All these cases are instances, in different ways, of the feeling, a feeling all the more important because it is calmly and unconsciously taken for granted, that private interests should come first, and public interests second. Here, I do not hesitate to say, is a wide difference between the point of view of great states and that of small ones. In a small state, no less than in a great one, the citizen may practically put his private interest before the interest of the commonwealth; he may betray the commonwealth, or he may enrich himself at its expense; but if he does so, he is universally understood to be a bad citizen, one who directly tramples on his duties towards the commonwealth of which he is a member. Conduct of this kind may even be quite as common in a small state as in a great one; the difference is that, in the small state, a line of conduct is always held to be contrary to the duties of a citizen which, in a large state, is, in a slightly modified form, taken for granted even by the most respectable men of all parties. We see the same difference of feeling in another form, in the difficulty, to put it broadly, which people nowadays seem to feel in understanding that a crime against the State is any crime at all. This comes out both in the greatest matters and in the smallest, and, as in all such cases, the smallest class of instances are really the most instructive. To many people, the notion of law as law, the doctrine that it is a conscientious duty to obey the law, simply because it is the law, seems to be something wholly unknown. Take, for instance, such a case as that of smoking in any railway carriage under the old rules, or the worse case of smoking in a carriage not set apart for smoking under the new rules. The act of smoking in either case is a distinct breach of the law; for, though it is not directly forbidden by Act of Parliament, yet the bye-law of a company empowered by Parliament to make bye-laws is undoubtedly law within its own range. And the act of smoking in a carriage set apart for those who dislike

smoking is a specially gross and selfish breach of the law. The obvious way of dealing with such an offender is simply to hand him over to the guard, just as one would call in a policeman to one guilty of theft or other breach of the law. But this kind of treatment seems never to be understood by the offender himself. Sometimes a man will ask if his fellow-passengers have any objection to his smoking, just as he might ask for any trifling favour; he does not see that he might as reasonably ask whether his fellow-passengers have any objection to have their pockets picked. And whether he asks or not, he always seems to hold that the appeal to the guard — that is, then and there, the appeal to law — is a personal incivility to himself. He seems to think that he ought to be dealt with in some tender and delicate fashion, and not as the public offender which he really is. That is to say, he cannot understand the public, but only the personal, view of things. But to one who understands the duty of obedience to law, the smoker in a non-smoking carriage seems no more entitled to delicacy or civility than a thief is. If any one should here bring in the difference between moral and positive offences, the answer is that the positive offence, while the law which creates it is in force, is a moral offence. And men act on this principle whenever it is convenient to them. The offence of the poacher is at least as much the arbitrary creation of positive law as the offence of the smoker; yet game-keepers and game-preservers do not commonly feel themselves called upon to show much delicacy or civility to the poacher. Much the same may be said about the common breach of the wholesome rule which forbids railway servants to receive gifts — that is to say, bribes — from passengers. This is something more than a breach of law on the part of the giver; it is the worse offence of tempting another to a breach of law. Yet every one must have often heard both these practices unblushingly avowed and justified, and that often by men who certainly would not wilfully sin against anything which they looked on as either a moral or a social precept. That is to say, men fail to see that obedience to law, as law, is a moral duty; they fail to see that the commonwealth ought to come first, and the individual only to come after it.

We see the same feeling at work in other small cases, which involve not only breach of law, but distinct dishonesty to-

wards the commonwealth. The necessity of taxation and the right of taxation are involved in the very idea of civil government. The payments which each member of the State has to pay to the State as a whole are as much the lawful right of the State as any payment which one man has to make to another. To defraud the State in any way is surely as dishonest as to defraud any particular member of the State. To any one who has a real conviction of what the State is, or ought to be, to all its members, it seems a greater crime than to defraud any particular person. Yet it is certain that many people who are true and just in their dealings with their neighbours cease to be true and just in their dealings with the commonwealth. People who would not only scrupulously discharge every real debt, but who would even be fantastically exact about paying their share, or more than their share, of everything, will often have no scruple against practising some petty fraud on the public revenue, the pettiness of which is often the most wonderful thing about it. Here again, in another way, private interest is even scrupulously regarded, while public interest is set at naught. Indeed men get so thoroughly into the habit of dealing with the State in a way in which they would not deal with one another that they will do what is really an act of dishonesty towards an individual, if it only bears the likeness of being an act of dishonesty towards the State. Very decent people will, to save a halfpenny, put something into a book-parcel which they ought to write on a separate post-card. This looks like cheating the revenue, and so it is. But the minds of those who do so are so bent on the thought of cheating the revenue that they forget that they are also exposing the person to whom the parcel is sent to the risk of paying extra postage, if the unlawful enclosure is found out. So again, people who would not cheat in a private dealing between man and man, will not scruple to bring in a pirated edition of a book. The thing looks so like cheating the revenue that they forget that it really is not the revenue that is cheated, but the author or publisher whose work is pirated. So, to turn to acts on a greater scale, we may be sure that many a man has turned smuggler who would have shrunk with horror from the thought of turning pirate. As lesser crime so often leads to greater, the smuggler often turns into something worse. But many a

man has taken to unlawful trading — that is, to robbery of the State — who certainly would not, at the beginning at least, have taken to piracy — that is, to robbery of individuals. All these are, in different ways, cases of the same incapacity to see that a real duty is owing to the commonwealth by its members, and that each man's duty to the commonwealth itself is higher than his duty to any of his fellow-members of the commonwealth.

These are small matters, such as any man may have done, or have been tempted to do, at some time of his life. But the same feeling, the same incapacity fully to take in that crime against the State is a crime, follows men into much higher regions. A few men only are called on to take part in their own persons in the great public events of history, but every man is called on to form his estimate of those who do take part in them. It is part of every man's moral education to learn to apply the rule of right to public affairs, to give honour to worthy deeds, and to brand the unworthy as they deserve. Yet this is what hardly any one does. Very few people fully take in that a public crime is a crime; very few feel the same loathing for a public criminal which they feel for a private criminal; very few would shrink from the presence of a tyrant as they certainly would shrink from the presence of a common murderer. Now, before I go on to illustrate my position by examples, I must first draw one or two distinctions. We may be always certain that any popular instinct, any popular cry, any prevalent way of looking at things, has a certain amount of truth in it. The cry may be on the whole false, and therefore mischievous; but it is sure not to be wholly false. There is sure to be at the bottom some half truth,—some truth distorted, misapplied, put out of its right relation to other truths, but which still has enough of the character of truth about it to lead people wrong. I have just now bracketted the tyrant and the common murderer. Yet we all instinctively feel that there is a difference between them. We will put out of sight for the moment the question whether of the two is the greater criminal; my present point is that they are criminals of two different kinds. We all feel that, perhaps neither Dionysios, certainly neither Cæsar and neither Buonaparte, was at all likely to pick a man's pocket or to stab him in the dark. We feel that our lives would be safe in the private company of many a man who

has ordered a massacre or begun an unrighteous war. We feel that our purses would be safe in the private company of many a man who has driven a land wild by military plunder or judicial confiscation. I have myself elsewhere made the remark that there are cases in which it needs the worse man to do the lesser crime.\* I am not now arguing which is the worse man; I only say that they are two different kinds of men. It is quite certain that many a man will do a great public crime who would shrink from doing a much smaller private crime. Two causes, not unconnected with one another, help to bring this about. Firstly, most men act less from a distinct conviction of abstract right and wrong than from a feeling of what is commonly looked at as right and wrong in their own age. A man will do a thing in one time or place which a really worse man would shrink from doing in another time or place. It follows that, in an age which is severe on private crimes but is disposed to look with indulgence on public crimes, men will often feel no scruple about a crime against the commonwealth, while public opinions will make them shrink from a lesser crime against an individual. Secondly, in all moral inquiries we must always allow for the power of self-delusion. It often happens that the greater crime may be more easily glozed over by false excuses than the less. To take the three chief crimes which come together in the second table of the Decalogue, we hold that murder is a greater crime than adultery or theft. But there are many cases in which the murderer may, by some process of self-delusion, persuade himself that his crime is no crime; with the two lesser crimes this is hardly possible. And this power of self-delusion applies with special force to public crimes. A man who is really seeking nothing but his own selfish ends may, by processes of sophistry within his own breast, persuade himself that he is acting from high and patriotic motives; he may persuade himself that his crimes are no crimes, or, at any rate, that they are means which the end will justify. Then too no cause is so bad but it will get some partisans, and the applause and flattery of his accomplices are thus added to the working of self-delusion within his own breast. In all these ways it is quite possible that a man who has nothing about him which would make us shrink from him in private

life, who would himself shrink from any ordinary crime in private life, may be guilty of public crimes of the deepest dye. We feel, instinctively and rightly, that the public criminal is something quite different from the private criminal, that the tyrant is not necessarily a man of the same mould as the vulgar cut-throat or cut-purse. But, because the public criminal is a criminal of another kind from the private one, because his crimes may be more easily glozed over, because there is often something dazzling about their very greatness, men go on practically to infer that public crimes are no crimes at all. Because the tyrant is not to be confounded with the vulgar robber or murderer, men hastily infer that the vulgar robber or murderer is a criminal, but that the tyrant is not a criminal. Because a particular class of crimes is not inconsistent with much that is socially attractive — nay, we may fully admit, because it is not inconsistent with some real private virtues — men leap to the conclusion that crimes of this class are no crimes, or at least that they must be judged by another standard, and spoken of in another tone, from the every-day doings of criminals on a smaller scale.

The line of thought which runs through all this is in this way perfectly intelligible, but it is a line of thought which saps the foundations of all public virtue, and tends thoroughly to blunt the whole moral sense. We allow that the man who is guilty of a massacre or an unjust war may be a man of quite another stamp from a private murderer. But it does not follow that he is a better man than the private murderer; still less does it follow that the crime and its doer ought to be any the less branded with the abhorrence of mankind. To say indeed, as has often been said, that he who kills one man is condemned as a murderer, while he who kills thousands of men is honoured as a hero, is a sophism on the face of it; for he who kills the thousands may be a true hero, who has never struck a blow except in a righteous cause. And, supposing the slaughter to be done in open and regular warfare, even in an unrighteous cause, there is so much that is dazzling and delusive about war and its accompaniments that we can hardly put the author of an unjust war, though the misery which he causes may be ten thousandfold greater, quite on the same moral level as a common murderer. We may be sure that Lewis the Fourteenth would never have ordered a personal

\* History of the Norman Conquest, iv. 606.



enemy to be privately stabbed or poisoned. The unrighteous aggressor is a criminal, and he ought to be abhorred as a criminal; but we cannot abhor him in quite the same way as we do the ordinary murderer. We not only feel that he is a criminal of another kind, but we feel that, though his crime is actually far greater in amount, yet it does not imply the same thorough depravation of heart as the lesser crime. The moral instinct of our age, as of all other ages, is by no means so keen as it ought to be in seeing the wickedness of unrighteous warfare; still, that is not the point in which the moral instinct of our time has shown itself most at fault. The fact which shows that we are less keen than we ought to be in taking in the moral wickedness of public crimes is that the greatest public criminal of our own age, one of the greatest public criminals of any age, has, both in our own country and elsewhere, met with far more of honour than of moral reprobation. The man who, by perjury and massacre, rose to power in the land which, if not his own by birth, had at least made him her own by adoption—the man who employed the power thus gained by wrong to the further working of wrong in every form—the man who for nineteen years laboured for the corruption of his own people, and who filled two continents, sometimes with his unprovoked wars, sometimes with his secret conspiracies,—lived the object of far more admiration than abhorrence, and he has gone to his grave with something like the honours of a benefactor of mankind.

I had planned the article which I am now writing, though not a word of it was actually written, I had worked out the line of thought which I am now following, and I had in my own mind collected all my examples and illustrations of it, not only before Mr. Dicey had put forth his noble protest against the loathsome worship which men were pressing to pay to the carcase of a fallen tyrant, but while the tyrant himself was living, and, as far as I knew, likely to live. Of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, living or dead, I have a right to speak. If I had a right to speak of him when living, I have a right to speak of him now he is dead. To the wicked saying, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," I will never give in. It has no meaning except the falsification of history and the perversion of the moral sense. The fact that a man is dead cannot make his crimes less or his virtues greater; it cannot be a reason for checking the voice of

truth, or for stifling the moral instinct within us. The death of any man is a solemn thing; the peaceful death of a great criminal, the death of Sulla or of Buonaparte, is a specially solemn thing. But his death cannot change the character of the deeds which he did when he was living. Unless history is to become a record of lies, unless the voice of God within us is to pass unheard, our rule must be, not "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," but "De viventibus et de mortuis nil nisi verum." And of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte I have a right to speak which some have not. Those who cringed to a man in his days of power have certainly no right to speak harshly of him in his days of overthrow. But we who never bowed the knee to Baal—we who have seen the tide of popular feeling again and again come to us and go away from us—we who have never used flattering words, but who have spoken of crime as crime alike in 1831 and in 1855, in 1870 and in 1873—we to whom the "man of blood" \* of December was none the less a man of blood because he beguiled us into an unrighteous war against a people who had never wronged us—to us it is all one whether the tyrant is seated on his throne of power or seeking shelter in the land of exile—it is all one, as far as the moral estimate of his deeds is concerned, whether he is gone to a judgment beyond that of man or whether he is still upon earth with the chance of working further evil. For my own part, I know nothing more loathsome than the flood of posthumous flattery which burst forth at once on the death of the tyrant. Those who told us that, because he was dead, we should think of his good deeds and not

\* I quote from some vigorous lines which appeared in the *Spectator* for December 20th, 1851, beginning—

"Let loose thy hell hounds, man of blood."

The leading articles too were in the same strain on December 6th, 13th, 20th. The first was headed "Louis Napoleon's Last Crime." We there read—"High treason in its grossest and most criminal form is the crime which Louis Napoleon has perpetrated—the high treason of a low-minded adventurer." And presently—"The 'attentat' of the 2nd December belongs not to political but to criminal history." It is curious to contrast this language with the way in which this same paper wrote in the articles headed "The Visit," April 21st, 1855, and "The Kiss," August 25th, 1855—"Nothing that we said of Louis Napoleon in 1851 was untrue of that personage," but—this, that, and the other. The man whose doings had once belonged, not to political, but to criminal history was now stirring up warfare throughout Europe, and was admitted to the company of the Queen and the Lord Mayor. In those days I often wrote letters in the *Spectator*. But one which I wrote then, in much the same spirit as the language of the paper itself in 1851, was refused admittance on the ground that it would most likely lead to an action for libel.



of his bad showed an uneasy feeling that the unperverted moral instinct would naturally seize on the bad. We were told to forget—as if history could forget, as if the same claim to forgetfulness might not be equally urged on behalf of Nero or Bernabos Visconti. We were asked to show sympathy and respect. It is doubtless well to show sympathy and respect wherever one can; but to show sympathy and respect for a criminal, or for the abettors of a criminal, is to become his abettors ourselves. There are, I believe, those who hold the crimes of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte to be no crimes. They, of course, were at least consistent in using this kind of language. But the same kind of language was used also by others, who thought—who at least had once spoken—of the crimes of 1851 and of Buonaparte's later crimes pretty much as I think myself. This whole kind of thing is thoroughly immoral; it weakens the sense of right and wrong; it teaches those who talk in this way to trifle with truth and falsehood. A great public criminal does not become an object of sympathy or respect, either because he is unlucky or because he is dead. To speak as if he did, to call evil good because the doer of evil can do no more, is so far to quench that light within our souls which is given us to teach us to avoid the evil and choose the good.

It is plain that the kind of language which has lately been used about Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, just like the language which was used about him in 1855, could be possible only in an age in which the moral sense had become very dull and dim with regard to public crimes. No one would have in this way claimed sympathy and respect for a private criminal. The feeling of times when the feeling of public duty came more closely home to men was something quite different. Take the highest effort of the ancient Hebrew poetry. I care not whether the hymn of triumph over the fall of Babylon and her despot be prophecy or history, the work of Isaiah in the days of Ahaz or of some later poet in the days of Cyrus; the moral of the song is the same in either case. There is not a word of sympathy or respect for the fallen tyrant, either because he is fallen or because he is dead. The indignant triumph of the man who at last saw the righteous vengeance for which he had so long waited knew no such paltering with evil. His whole soul was poured forth, all the stores of the gorgeous imagery of the East were

drawn upon, to set forth the joy of liberated nations at the fall of their oppressor. Turn from the courtly twaddle of our own time, the talk about "illustrious guests" and "imperial visitors," and see how the fall of a tyrant was looked on by one whom some deem to have been the very mouthpiece of his Creator, and who at least was one who put no restraint on the outpourings of a heart which had not learned to call evil good or good evil. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" would have sounded a strange doctrine indeed either in the ears of Isaiah or in the ears of Dante.

What again was the feeling of the citizens of the ancient commonwealths of Greece towards the tyrant? towards the man who had trampled the laws and freedom of his country under foot, who had seized by force or fraud on a power which the law did not give him? It was surely a healthy moral instinct which declared that the man who had not only broken the law, but had overthrown it, had thereby forfeited all right to the protection of law in his own person. Through his own act, the appeal to law was no longer possible; he had enthroned force in the room of law. Those therefore whom he had deprived of the protection of law might rightly use against him the arms which he had used against them. The act of the tyrant destroyed the whole political and social system; it broke through all human ties, and left men to defend themselves as they could, just as in the times before human society began. The tyrant then had forfeited all claim to appeal to the rights of a system which he had trampled under foot; he had of his own act put himself in the position of a wild beast; to rid the world of him was therefore as worthy an act as the exploits of the heroes who slew lions or dragons for the common good. That this reasoning is sound, from the principle from which it starts, can hardly be denied; that it is inapplicable to our times is agreed on all hands. But the causes which made it applicable to one state of things and not to the other again depend almost wholly upon the difference between large and small states. In a commonwealth formed of a single city, to drive out or to slay—and to slay was commonly easier than to drive out—the personal tyrant might often really bring back the lawful government of the city. In a large state experience shows that tyrannicide may get rid of the personal tyrant, but that it seldom or never gets rid of the tyranny.

In the old commonwealths again the doctrine of tyrannicide was much less liable to abuse than it is now. How easily it is liable to abuse is shown in the famous argument of Jean Petit in the fifteenth century, where the right to kill a tyrant is carried so far as to become the right of killing almost anybody.\* But in an old Greek commonwealth there could be no question who was the tyrant, and who was not. The supporters of any form of lawful government agreed in denouncing the man who had seized on the powers of the State without any lawful commission, and the tyrant had then no way of throwing dust into people's eyes by calling himself Consul, President, Emperor, or any other lawful-sounding title. Then again, it is certain that the practical evils of tyranny become less in proportion to the size of the state over which the tyrant rules. In a single city-commonwealth the tyrant is the personal enemy of every dweller in his city. Every one is personally exposed to his cruelty, avarice, or lust. If we turn from the cities of Greece to the Empire of Rome, we shall find that few, if any, recorded Greek tyrants were quite so bad as some of the worst of the Emperors; but then the personal crimes of the Emperors touched only a very few among their subjects. In the provinces Tiberius and Nero were not unpopular, and in the city the tyrant might safely stain himself with the blood of the *Lamiae*, so long as he did not make himself an object of fear to cobblers.† But modern tyrants have gone further than this: they have found out that the stealthy degradation and corruption of a nation better answers their purpose than its open oppression. They have found that it pays to put some check on their own passions, and to let law take its ordinary course whenever their own power is not directly threatened. All this does, in truth, make tyranny now a greater evil than it was of old; but it disguises its blackness; it makes it more easy to hide it under the mask of lawful government. That is to say, the modern tyrant is the public enemy of the commonwealth; he is not necessarily, like the ancient tyrant, the personal enemy of every one of its citizens. We are thus again brought round to the distinction

with which we started. The commonwealth, its interests and the duties which are owing to it, do not come home to men's minds in the large state in the same way in which they do in the small. The tyrant who sins against the commonwealth has, when his power is once established, very little temptation to sin against its individual citizens. He is therefore hardly felt to be a tyrant at all.

The abstract right of tyrannicide is hardly worth discussing in any modern state. It is so universally condemned, it is so likely to cause worse evils than any which it takes away, that, even if abstractly right, it is so inexpedient as to be practically wrong. Still it is hard to speak of the tyrannicide as if he were a greater sinner than the tyrant himself. Let it be granted that Orsini was a criminal; he was surely not so great a criminal as Buonaparte. Let us look at the rebellion and massacre of 1851, not as we look at it, but as it would have been defended by Buonaparte himself or any of his admirers. It was an act irregular and unlawful in itself, but which was justified by the great objects to which it was to lead. From the point of view of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent and guilty was needful for the public good, and was therefore justifiable. From the point of view of Orsini, the slaughter of a single guilty man was needful for the public good, and was therefore justifiable. So far the two cases are exactly parallel. And it would be much harder to show that Buonaparte acted for the public good, even according to his own idea of it, than to show that Orsini did. There is nothing to make us suspect that Orsini acted otherwise than with perfect single-mindedness, nothing to make us suspect that he was in any way seeking his own power or pelf. It must be a wide charity indeed which can say as much for Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. Orsini too showed personal courage in risking his own life; Buonaparte simply sat by the fire and said "tirez, tirez." Yet public opinion condemned Orsini and condoned Buonaparte. At any rate, it condemned Orsini much more strongly than it condemned Buonaparte. Had Orsini escaped from his prison, as Buonaparte had once escaped from his, he would hardly have made his way into the same social circles into which Buonaparte made his way. The English House of Commons, while protesting against Buonaparte's insolent dictation, could not do so without pro-

\* See Monstrelet, c. xxxix. p. 35, ed. 1595. Cf. Jean Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1407, p. 191, ed. 1653. I have said something on this head in my *History of Federal Government*, i. 381.

† Juvenal, iv. 153.

“Perit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus  
Ceperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.”

nouncing a condemnation on Orsini, while it never pronounced any condemnation on Buonaparte. Yet, if Orsini had used England as a place in which to lay plots against a friendly government, Buonaparte had done the like. Why these somewhat unfair distinctions? The whole thing is another instance of the same law. Buonaparte's murders were done on a large scale, on so large a scale that they looked like lawful war or like the suppression of a rebellion by lawful authority. Orsini's attempt to murder was done on so small a scale that it looked like a mere private crime. The crime of Buonaparte, the murder of many, was so palpably a crime against the commonwealth that it might pass for no crime at all. The crime of Orsini, the attempted murder of one, simply because it was the lesser crime, seemed in the eyes of most men to be the greater.

Of course, in speaking of the doings of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte by their right names, we are at every step met by the difficulty that so few people know what his doings really were. I was once in a roomful of people, one of whom thought himself a great scholar and another thought himself fit to be a member of Parliament, where I was looked on as grossly ignorant because I maintained that the *coup d'état* happened, not in 1848, but in 1851. It is easy to see what such a confusion as this means. These were not the only people whom I have found jumbling together Cavaignac's suppression of the Reds in June, 1848, with Buonaparte's rebellion and massacre in December, 1851. They fancied that Buonaparte was a ruler putting down a rebellion against an established government, instead of being himself a rebel overturning an established government. I have found others who could not understand what I meant by applying the word "rebellion" to Buonaparte's doings; they did not understand that there could be such a thing as rebellion against a republic. In their eyes, obedience and allegiance were due to a king only. Some people, I believe, fancy that Napoleon the Third succeeded in regular course to Napoleon the Something, whether the First or the Second I will not presume to guess. In all these ways people fail to understand that the doings of Buonaparte in 1851 were as distinctly revolutionary as anything that was done by moderate or by extreme republicans in 1848 or in 1871. Many people would stare if they were told that the deeds of the illustrious Em-

peror were exactly on a level with the deeds of the wicked Communists, that the murder of the Archbishop and the hostages, though a monstrous crime, was in no way a greater crime than the massacres of December. In fact, if personal single-mindedness is to be taken as an excuse for crime, there was doubtless far more of that in the murderers of 1871 than in the murderer of 1851. The Communists were many, while Buonaparte was but one. The Communists were defeated, while Buonaparte was successful. But if some particular Communist had got to the head and had called himself Emperor, and had got Kings to call him brother, and had made wars and annexed provinces and betrayed nations, and done all the things which an Emperor sprung of a massacre and a *plébiscite* ought to do, the hero of 1871 might by this time be getting as illustrious as the hero of 1851.

The way in which Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, living and dead, has been flattered and glorified in this country and elsewhere is the greatest case of all of the way in which so many people seem to be unable to understand the guilt of a public crime, while they are keen enough to the guilt of a private crime. That is to say, the great ideas of Law and Commonwealth, which were ever present to the mind of a virtuous Greek, are not in the like way present to the minds of many among ourselves against whose conduct and way of thinking in the common affairs of life there is nothing to be said. But there are other glaring instances as well. Take the case of the Alabama and the Geneva Arbitration. The whole nation has been defendant in a suit; the verdict has gone against us, and we have a sum to pay as damages. We have to pay for wrong-doing which was in no sort the wrong-doing of the English nation, but simply the wrong-doing of particular men. It is perfectly right that the Americans should receive compensation for the damage done by the Alabama; but, in all reason, that compensation ought not to be paid by the guiltless English nation, but by those guilty men who, in spite of national and international law, fitted out a pirate ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation. Theirs is the guilt, and theirs ought to be the punishment. There have been times when men who had done such a crime against their own country and against mankind would, when they saw what had come of their act, have stepped forward and offered to bear the punishment of their own deeds,

instead of standing silently by and throwing the punishment on their country. There have been times when the State would have taken the matter into its own hands, and would have confiscated the lands and goods of the offenders, instead of throwing the burthen on the innocent tax-payers of the whole country. I have not heard that either of these courses has been proposed. It is quite possible that neither of them may have come into any man's head but my own. I have not heard that the men who have done this great crime, the men who have disturbed the relations between two kindred nations, who have brought us to the brink of the most unnatural of wars, have been visited by any kind of penalty, judicial or social. I have not heard that they shrink from showing themselves among honest men, or that honest men shrink from their company. But, if they had committed a crime of a millionth part the amount, not against two nations, but against a single man, they certainly would have been visited with punishment of some kind, judicial or social. Here again is an instance of the same moral failing of which I have been speaking throughout. Crime is no longer dealt with as crime when it is done against whole commonwealths and nations. The immunity which such men have enjoyed is the natural consequence of our way of looking at such matters. But it would have been hard to make our way of looking at such matters understood among the countrymen of Spurius Postumius and Marcus Regulus.

Another case which illustrates the feeling of which we have been speaking, though mixed up with some other feelings, is found to be in the applause with which so many people greeted the doings of Governor Eyre and his accomplices in Jamaica. To put the matter in its mildest form, a man who may have been guilty or innocent, but who was not proved to be guilty, was put to death by an unlawful tribunal at the bidding of a governor who was his political, if not his personal, enemy, and who rejoiced over his death in language which one would have called brutal, if it had not been so grotesquely absurd. Gordon, according to the man who slew him, was a liar and an adulterer. I neither know nor care whether he was either; but I do know that there is no law to hang men either for lying or for adultery. The tribunal before which Gordon was tried was unlawful in every way; the evidence on

which he was condemned and hanged was evidence on which no honest magistrate would fine a man five shillings for a trifling assault. There was not even the tyrant's plea of necessity; for Gordon was safe on board a ship, and he might have been kept there till he could be tried by a lawful court. To my mind, all this makes a much blacker story than when a private man kills his private enemy; but it is plain that many people do not think so. A Middlesex grand jury threw out the bill against Eyre; a bench of Shropshire magistrates refused to commit him for trial. He has received no punishment beyond the mere loss of his governorship; the innocent tax-payers of the United Kingdom have been made to pay for his legal expenses; men of some name and rank welcomed his return with a banquet; he is received into decent society; he appears at Court, and, whenever he appears, he is described as "late Governor of Jamaica." I am told that Mr. Eyre has all manner of agreeable personal qualities; very likely he has; but he none the less put a man to death unjustly. Here again is a case, though not quite of the same kind as the others, in which a public crime is condoned, while a private crime of the same kind would be looked on with horror. There is, of course, mixed up in all this a feeling of admiration for what we call energy. Eyre saved Jamaica, and so forth. Now energy, like other things, is in its own nature indifferent. It may be a virtue or it may be a crime, according to the way in which it is used. To my mind, the energy of the man whose feet are swift to shed blood is that kind of energy which is a crime, and not a virtue. There is again another notion mixed up with it, the notion that a crime is less of a crime because it is a person in authority who does it. This is the same as one of the confusions with regard to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. Eyre was Governor of Jamaica, Buonaparte was President of the French Republic; therefore people think that either of them might do whatever he pleased. But, in truth, the magistrate who receives a limited authority to act according to the laws of the commonwealth, and who uses that authority to break the laws of the commonwealth, is far more guilty than the private man who breaks those laws. People would easily see this if it were brought close home to them; they would not at all like to be hanged by the arbitrary will of the Mayor or Sheriff of their own town or county. They might per-

haps even think it a crime if Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli caused the chief men of the other side in politics to be hanged by a court-martial or shot down in the streets. But when the same kind of thing is done at a distance by a foreign President or a Colonial Governor, then it seems to be a praiseworthy example of energy. It is the righteous act of a ruler who, ruling only over Frenchmen or negroes, has a right to rule them in any way that he thinks good. No doubt, in the comparison between Eyre and Buonaparte there is a wide difference in favour of Eyre. Eyre at least was not striving to set up a tyranny in his own person. Eyre was striving, though by unlawful means, to preserve the society over which he was set; Buonaparte was striving to destroy it. But Eyre and Buonaparte agree in being magistrates who made an unlawful use of their power as magistrates. The point to be understood is that a magistrate who acts in this way, whatever be his motive, is distinctly sinning against the commonwealth. To kill a man with one's own hand, is really a less crime than to kill him by sentence of an unlawful court. To kill him with one's own hand is simply a breach of law; to kill him by sentence of an unlawful court is that fouler thing a perversion of law. The one act defies the law; the other dishonours it. But the one is the act of a common ruffian; the other cannot be done except by one who is in some kind of authority. The one therefore is a private crime, the other is a public crime; and, as usual, modern opinion is more lenient to the public crime. The feeling of which I have been speaking throughout is at work in this case also, though in a somewhat different form from the others.

It would not be hard to add other cases in which public opinion has condoned conduct on public occasions, which it would certainly have condemned on private occasions. Take, for instance, the slaughter of the Mogul princes at Delhi, an act sinning against every law, civil and military. This is the more remarkable, as it is quite certain that no man would have dared to do such a deed to European prisoners of any nation. Yet the slayer was never punished by any authority, civil or military, and he has received a kind of canonization in Lichfield minster. Then again, the present Earl of Derby, when Foreign Secretary, ordered our consuls and naval officers to leave off the good work which they had begun of saving Cretan women and children from

Turkish cruelty. For this frightful crime against humanity, I am not aware that Lord Derby has received any censure of any kind. Or, take a case which involves no blood-shedding, but simply the sacrifice of public interests to private. Purchase in the army has been happily abolished. Its abolition brought to light the existence of a system of bribery, delicately called "over-regulation prices." Every officer so offending ought, by the laws of the service, to have been punished by the loss of his commission. The evil was so deeply rooted, it had been so long winked at by those in authority, that it would have been hard to have strictly carried out the letter of the law on men who had, many of them perhaps in ignorance, conformed to a vicious and unlawful custom. But it was monstrous, on some theory of "vested interests," to make the innocent public pay compensation for what particular men had spent on bribery and jobbery. So again, the crime of bribery at elections—a crime far more heinous in the briber than in the bribed—is very far from carrying with it the penalties, either legal or social, which it ought to carry with it. A more distinct sin against the commonwealth than the corruption of an elector can hardly be conceived. But its guilt is certainly not generally felt in the way in which it ought to be. In all these cases, in different ways, public opinion judges public acts by another and a lighter standard than that by which it judges private acts. In some cases there is an actual offence against the commonwealth itself. In other cases, under pretence of the interests of the commonwealth, its laws are broken, and justice and government are thus dishonored. In all, actions are applauded or condoned in public life which would certainly be condemned in private life.

Lastly, though it may sound like a paradox, it seems to me that the popular notion of loyalty springs from the very feeble hold which the idea of the State, and of the duty of the citizen to it, has on most men's minds. Loyalty, according to the strict meaning of the word, can mean nothing but obedience to the law. From this the transition is easy to the idea of attachment to the commonwealth, to the idea of duty and respect to the officers of the commonwealth, according to their several degrees, in the lawful exercise of the power which the law gives them. In a state which is governed by a King, the King, as long as he rules according to law, will, as the head and rep-



representative of the commonwealth, rightly be the object of a feeling of loyalty second only to that which is due to the commonwealth itself. And I, who am no flatterer, am ready and willing to add that never, in later times, has a rational loyalty been better deserved than it has been by the present Sovereign of the United Kingdom. Queen Victoria will hold a high place in English history as the first English sovereign, since the present theory of the constitution has been fully understood, who has faithfully acted according to that theory. She has played no tricks with her people. She has frankly accepted and honestly supported whatever Ministers her Parliament or her people have given her. This is more than can be said of any other sovereign since the system of governing by Ministers began. And she has broken through a barbarous and mischievous prejudice by giving one of her children in marriage to one of her own people. This last is one of the many wholesome steps backward which England has been lately taking, and it is one of which the honour belongs personally to her Majesty. Indeed, I should be perfectly ready to accept the experience of the present reign as proving that for an office of a constitutional sovereign women are better fitted than men. An office which, if a pageant, is yet something more than a pageant, an office which needs not only uprightness of purpose, but a large share of tact and good sense, one in which a genius and a fool would be equally out of place, seems to me to be exactly suited to a female holder. And the expressions and ceremonies of devotion which are ridiculous and degrading when done by one man to another, become in the case of a woman little more than ordinary politeness carried further than usual. If then by loyalty is meant a rational respect for the kingly office, as for anything else that is established by law, and a further rational respect for the present holder of that office, I believe that I am as loyal a subject as any man. But the cringing and crouching feeling which commonly goes by the name of loyalty seems to me to be not only evil and degrading in itself, but to be inconsistent with any feeling of duty to the commonwealth, and indeed with any rational reverence for the kingly office itself. Because I respect, both officially and personally, a person to whom the law has given the chief place in the State, I cannot see that I am bound to fall down and worship all her kinsfolk and belongings,

that I am bound to think and speak of them with bated breath as of beings of a different race from myself, to judge them by a different standard from other people, to admire in them what I should not admire in others—to act as if in their case the rule was, not only *abscondere flagitia*, but *laudare facinora*. We had some specimens of this kind of thing in the amazing outburst of cringing flunkeyism which was drawn out by the sickness and recovery of the Prince of Wales. Whatever this feeling springs from, it certainly does not spring from reasonable respect to the kingly office as part of the law of the land. Indeed, by loyalty, even towards the actual sovereign, people often mean something which is quite inconsistent with true loyalty. Many people, I suspect, would think it disloyal to say that our only duty to the Queen arises from the fact of her holding an office which is conferred on her by an Act of Parliament. Yet if we give it any other origin, we are distinctly setting up something beyond and above the law; we are sinning against the commonwealth, and are in fact guilty of disloyalty. The old feeling of submission to the Lord's Anointed, mischievous as it was, was comparatively respectable, as it distinctly implied that the respect due to the King was due to him as the holder of an office. Now an office can be held only according to law in some shape or other. The people who worshipped Charles the First as a sort of Vicar of God upon earth were therefore not so far from rational and liberal views as those who worship they know not what or why, who fall down as soon as they come in sight of anything that is called "royal," though the so-called "royalty" may turn out to be a subject, a commoner, perhaps not so much as an elector. The slavish formulae of the newspapers are absolutely inconsistent with any true loyalty to the commonwealth, and to the Sovereign as its head. When we read that the Duke of Edinburgh "honoured" Mr. Gladstone with his company, one would think that the putting of the cart before the horse must have been too grotesque even for the mind of a gentleman-usher.

I come back to the point from which I started. To make too little of the commonwealth—to set the interests of the particular member of the body before the interests of the whole body—to think lightly of crimes against the State as compared with crimes against a particular person—generally, to put what is



private first and what is public second, is the temptation which besets our particular state of society and form of government. It does not at all follow that that state of society and that form of government are in themselves bad. It does not follow that any other state, past or present, would be better. Every state of society and form of government has its own weak side, and there may be others, past or present, the weak side of which is weaker than the weak side of ours. I have already noticed some of the points in which we have the advantage over the state of things in most times and places. If we have fewer heroic patriots, we have fewer base traitors. If we are unduly tolerant to great and exceptional public crimes, yet there has been no time in which the ordinary public business of a State has been carried on with less of petty every-day corruption. Our judges, our public men in general, stand above all suspicion of doing anything for unlawful gain. We are so used to this, we so naturally take it for granted, that we hardly understand how great and rare an advantage it is, how few times and places there have been which could say the same. But, though we certainly have no reason to wish to exchange our actual state for that of any other time or place, we may still very usefully look about us to see what the faults of our existing state of things are, and whether other times or places may not sometimes give us hints for making things better. A state of things which should combine the active patriotism of a small community with the peace and order of a large one, is the ideal of human society. We may at least strive to get as near to it as the imperfection of all human things will let us.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME.

WHEN Mrs. Eastwood received, after long and anxious waiting, Frederick's letter from Leghorn, telling her of his illness and detention in Paris ("the last place in the world one would like to be

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ill in," she said in her innocence), she was, as might be supposed, greatly agitated and distressed. Her first thought was for his health, poor fellow! her second for the office, and whether he could get an extension of leave, or if this staying away without permission would injure him. She did not quite know which of her counsellors to send for in such an emergency, and therefore she did what she would have done in any case, whether her advisors had bidden her or not. After she had wondered with Ellinor what it could have been, and why he gave them no details, and had cried over the bad news, and taken comfort at the thought he was better, she sent for her habitual fly, the vehicle which she had patronized ever since she put down her carriage. It was a very respectable fly, with a sensible brown horse, which never got into any trouble, as the horses of private individuals do, but would stand as patiently at a door of its own free will, as if it knew there was a place round the corner where its inferior brother, the coachman, went to refresh himself, and sympathized in his thirst. Mrs. Eastwood and Ellinor got into this respectable vehicle about 12 o'clock, and drove by Whitehall and the Horse Guards to the Sealing-Wax Office. There they found the head of the office, Mr. Bellingham, who had just come in from his cottage in the country, with a rosebud in his coat, which came from his own conservatory, and had roused the envy of all the young men as he came by. Mrs. Eastwood explained that Frederick had been detained by illness in Paris. He had not written sooner in order that his friends might not be anxious, she explained, and she hoped, as it was totally unforeseen, and very, very inconvenient to himself, that there would be no difficulty in the office. Mr. Bellingham smiled upon her, and said he would make all that right. "Jolly place to be ill in," he said with a little nod and smile. "Indeed, I thought it the very last place in the world for a sick person," said Mrs. Eastwood, feeling somehow that her boy's sufferings were held too lightly; "so little privacy, so much noise and bustle; and in a hotel, of course, the comforts of home are not to be looked for." It seemed to Ellinor that Mr. Bellingham's countenance bore traces of a suppressed grin, but he said nothing more than that a letter had been received at the office from the sufferer, and that, of course, under the circumstances, there would be no question about the extended

leave. "That is all right, at least," Mrs. Eastwood said as they left the office; but it may well be supposed that to wait ten days for any news whatever of the absent son, and at the end of that period, when they began to expect his return, to hear that he had been ill all the time within reach of them, was not pleasant. The mother and daughter could talk of nothing else as they drove home.

"If he had but written at first, when he felt himself getting ill, you or I, or both of us, might have gone to him, Nelly. I cannot think of anything more dreary than being ill in an inn. And then the expense! I wonder if he has money enough, poor boy, to bring him home?"

"If he wanted money he would have told you so," said Nelly, half uneasy, she could not quite tell why.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Eastwood, "boys are so odd. To be sure, when they want money they generally let one know. But there never was anything so tiresome, so vague, as men's letters about themselves. 'I have been ill.'—Now if it had been you or me, Nelly, we should have said, 'I took cold, or I got a bad headache,' or whatever it was, on such a day—and how it got worse or better; and when we were able to get up again, or to get out again. It is not Frederick alone. It is every man. They tell you just enough to make you unhappy—never any details. I suppose," she added, with a sigh, "it is because that sort of meagre information is enough for themselves. They don't care to know all about it as women do. They don't understand what it is to be really anxious. In a great many ways, Nelly, men have the advantage over us—things, too, that no laws can change."

"I don't think it is an advantage not to care," said Nelly, indignantly.

"I am not so sure of that," said her mother. "We care so much that we can't think of anything else. We can't take things calmly as they do. And they have an advantage in it. Frederick is a very good son, but if I were to write to him, 'I have been ill, and I am better,' he would be quite satisfied, he would want nothing more. Whereas I want a great deal more," Mrs. Eastwood said, flicking off with her finger the ghost of a tear which had gathered in spite of her in the corner of her eye, and giving a short little broken laugh. The path of fathers and mothers is often strewn with roses, but the roses have very big thorns. Even Nelly, who was young, whose heart

leaped forward to a future of her own, in which brothers had but little share, did not here quite comprehend her mother. For her own part, had she been left to herself, it is possible that Frederick's "I have been ill, but I am better," would have satisfied all her anxieties: but as the girl by force of sympathy was but half herself and half her mother, she entered into the feelings which she did not altogether share with a warmth which was increased by partisanship, if such a word can be used in such a case.

"It is wicked of him not to write more fully," she said.

"No, Nelly dear, not wicked, only thoughtless; all men are the same," said Mrs. Eastwood. And to be sure this large generalization affords a little comfort now and then to women, as the same principle does to men in different circumstances; for there is nothing about which the two halves of humanity are so fond of generalizing as each other. It seems to afford a certain consolation that "all men are just the same," or that "women are like that everywhere"—an explanation which, at least, partially exonerates the immediate offender.

Another week elapsed, during which the Eastwoods carried on their existence much as usual, unmoved to appearance by the delay, and not deeply disturbed by the prospect of the new arrival. Mrs. Eastwood spoke to Mr. Brotherton, her rector and adviser about "the boys," on the subject, but not much came of it; for Mr. Brotherton, though fond, like most people, of giving advice, and feeling, like most people, that a widow with sons to educate was his lawful prey, was yet shy of saying anything on the subject of Frederick, who was no longer a boy. Whether any more serious uneasiness lay underneath her anxiety for her son's health, no one, not even Mrs. Eastwood's chief and privy councillor, could have told; but when appealed to as to what he thought on the subject, whether another messenger or the mother herself should go to the succour of the invalid, Mr. Brotherton shook his head and did not know what to advise. "If he has been able to go on to Leghorn, I think you may feel very confident that he is all right again," he said. "You must not make yourself unhappy about him. From Leghorn to Pisa is but a step," added the Rector, pleased to be able to recall his own experience on this subject. But Mrs. Everard, the Privy Councillor, was of a different opinion. She was always

for action in every case. To sit still and wait was a policy which had no attractions for her. She was a slight and eager woman, who had been a great beauty in her day. Her husband had been a judge in India, and she was, or thought she was, deeply instructed in the law, and able to be "of real service" to her friends, when legal knowledge was requisite. It is almost unnecessary to say that she was as unlike Mrs. Eastwood as one woman could be to another. The one was eager, slight, and restless, with a mind much too active for her body, and an absolute incapacity for letting anything alone; the other plump and peaceable, not deficient in energy when it was necessary, but slightly inert and slow to move when the emergency did not strike her as serious. Of course it is equally unnecessary to add that Mrs. Everard also was a widow. This fact acts upon the character like other great facts in life. It makes many and important modifications in the aspect of affairs. Life *à deux* (I don't know any English phrase which quite expresses this) is scarcely more different from the primitive and original single life, than is the life which, after having been *à deux*, becomes single, without the possibility of going back to the original standing ground. That curious mingling of a man's position and responsibilities with a woman's position and responsibilities, cannot possibly fail to mould a type of character in many respects individual. A man who is widowed is not similarly affected, partly perhaps because in most cases he throws the responsibility from him, and either marries again or places some woman in the deputy position of governess or housekeeper to represent the feminine side of life, which he does not choose to take upon himself. Women, however, abandon their post much less frequently, and sometimes, I suspect, get quite reconciled to the double burden, and do not object to do all for, and be all to, their children. Sometimes they attempt too much, and often enough they fail; but so does everybody in everything, and widows' sons have not shown badly in general life. I hope the gentle reader will pardon me this digression, which, after all, is scarcely necessary, since it is the business of the ladies in this history to speak for themselves.

"I would go if I were in your place," said Mrs. Everard, talking over all these circumstances in the twilight over the fire the same evening. "A man, as we both know, never tells you anything fully.

Of course you cannot tell in the least what is the matter with him. He may have overtaken his strength going on to Pisa. He may break down on the road home with no one to look after him. I suppose this girl will be a helpless foreign thing without any knowledge of the world. Girls are brought up so absurdly abroad. You know my opinion, dear, on the whole subject. I always advised you — instead of taking this trouble and bringing her here with great expense and inconvenience, to make her an inmate of your own house — I always advised you to settle her where she is, paying her expenses among the people she knows. You remember what I told you about poor Adelaide Forbes? — what a mistake she made, meaning to be kind! You know your own affairs best; but still, on this point I think I was right."

"Perhaps you may have been," said Mrs. Eastwood, from the gloom of the corner in which she was seated, "but there are some things that one cannot do, however much one's judgment may be convinced. Leave my own flesh and blood to languish among strangers? I could not do it; it would have been impossible."

"If your flesh and blood had been a duchess, you would have done it without a thought," said Mrs. Everard. "She is happy where she is (I suppose). You don't know her temper nor her ways of thinking, nor what kind of girl she is, and yet you will insist upon bringing her here —"

"You speak as if Frederick's illness was Mamma's doing," said Nelly, with a little indignation, coming in from one of her many occupations, and placing herself on a stool in front of the fire, in the full glow of the firelight. Nelly was not afraid of her complexion. She did everything a girl ought not to do in this way. She would run out in the sunshine unprotected by veil or parasol, and she had a child's trick of reading by firelight, which, considering how she scorched her cheeks, can scarcely be called anything short of wicked. This was a point upon which Mrs. Everard kept up a vigorous but unsuccessful struggle.

"Nelly, Nelly! you will burn your eyes out. By the time you are my age how much eyesight will you have left, do you think?"

"I don't much care," said Nelly, in an undertone. She thought that by the time she reached Mrs. Everard's age (which was under fifty) she would have become

indifferent to eyesight and everything else, in the chills of that advanced age.

"Nelly, you are not too civil," said Mrs. Eastwood, touching the toe of Nelly's pretty shoe with her own velvet slipper, in warning and reproof. The girl drew her toes out of the way, but did not make any apology. She was not fond of Mrs. Everard, nor indeed was any one in the house.

"Of course, I don't mean that your decision had anything whatever to do with Frederick's illness," Mrs. Everard resumed, "that I don't need to say. He might have been ill at home as much as abroad. I am speaking now on the original question. Of course, if Frederick had not gone away, you would have been spared this anxiety, and might have nursed him comfortably at home. But this is incidental. What I *am* sorry for is that you are bringing a girl into your house whom you know nothing of. She may be very nice, but she may be quite the reverse. Of course one can never tell whether it may or may not be a happy change even for her—but it is a great risk for you. It is a very brave thing to do. I should not have the courage to make such an experiment, though it would be a great deal simpler in my house, where there is no one to be affected but myself."

"I don't see where the courage lies," said Nelly; "a girl of sixteen. What harm could she do to any one?"

"Oh, a great deal of harm, if she chose," said Mrs. Everard; "a girl of sixteen, in a house full of young men! One or the other of them will fall in love with her to a certainty if she is at all pretty——"

"Oh, please!" said Mrs. Eastwood; "you do think so oddly, pardon me for saying so, about the boys. Frederick is grown up, of course, but the last young man in the world to think of a little cousin. And as for Dick he is a mere boy, and Jenny! Don't be vexed if I laugh. This is too funny."

"I hope you will always think it as funny," said the Privy Councillor solemnly, "but I know you and I don't think alike on these subjects. Half the ridiculous marriages in the world spring out of the fact that parents will not see when boys and girls start up into men and women. I don't mean to say that harm will come of it immediately—but once she is in your house there is no telling how you are to get rid of her. However, I suppose your mind is made up. About the

other matter here are the facts of the case. Frederick is ill, you don't know how or with what; he has taken a long and dangerous journey——"

"Not dangerous, dear, not dangerous——"

"Well, not dangerous if you please, but long and fatiguing, and troublesome to a man who is ill. He has gone on to Pisa in a bad state of health. You know that he has reached so far; and you know no more. Of course he will be anxious to get home again as quick as possible. What if he were to get worse on the road? There is nothing more likely, and the torturing anxiety you would feel in such circumstances I need not suggest to you. You will be terribly unhappy. You will wait for news until you feel it impossible to wait any longer, and then when your strength and patience are exhausted, you will rush off to go to him—most likely too late."

"Oh, have a little pity upon me! Don't talk so—don't think so——"

"I can't stop my thoughts," said Mrs. Everard, not without a little complacency, "and I have known such things to happen before now. What more likely than that he should start before he is equal to the journey, and break down on the way home? Then you would certainly go to him; and my advice is, go to him now. Anticipating the evil in that way you would probably prevent it. In your place I would not lose a day."

"But I could not reach Pisa," said Mrs. Eastwood, nervously taking out her watch, "I could not reach Pisa, even if I were to start to-night, before they had left it; and how can I tell which way they would come? I should miss them to a certainty. I should get there just when they were arriving here. I should have double anxiety, and double expense——"

"If they ever arrived here," said Mrs. Everard, ominously; "but indeed it is not my part to interfere. Some people can bear anxiety so much better than others. I know it would kill me."

Mrs. Eastwood very naturally objected to such a conclusion. To put up with the imputation of feeling less than her friend, or any other woman, in the circumstances, was unbearable. "Then you really think I have reason to be alarmed," she said in a tremulous voice.

"I should not have any doubt on the subject," said her adviser. "A young man in delicate health, a long journey, cold February weather, and not even a

doctor whom you can rely upon to see him before he starts. Recollect I would not say half so much if I did not feel quite sure that you would be forced to go at last — and probably too late."

"Oh don't say those awful words!" said the poor woman. And thus the conversation went on, till Brownlow appeared with the lamp, interrupting the agitating discussion. Then Mrs. Everard went her way, leaving her friend in very low spirits with Nelly, who though kept up by a wholesome spirit of opposition, was yet moved, in spite of herself, by the gloomy picture upon which she had been looking. They sat together over the fire for a little longer, very tearful and miserable, while Mrs. Everard went home, strong in the sense of having done her duty, "however things might turn out."

"Must you really go, Mamma?" said Nelly, much subdued, consulting her watch, in her turn, and thinking of the hurried start at eight o'clock to catch the night train, and of the dismal midnight crossing of that Channel which travellers hate and fear. "It will be a dreadful journey. Must you really go?"

"What do *you* think, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood, beginning to recover a little. "I have the greatest respect for Jane Everard's opinion, but she does always take the darkest view of everything. Oh, Nelly, what would *you* advise me to do?"

This was an infallible sign that the mercury had begun to rise. "Pressure had decreased," to use a scientific term. The mother and daughter made up their minds, after much discussion, that to catch the night train would be impossible, and that there might perhaps be further news next day. "If that is your opinion, Nelly?" Mrs. Eastwood said, as they went upstairs, supporting herself with natural casuistry upon her child's counsel. The fact was that she saw very clearly all the practical difficulties of the question. She loved advice, and did not think it correct for "a woman in my position" to take any important step without consulting her friends; and their counsel moved her deeply. She gave all her attention to it, and received it with respectful conviction; but she did not take it. It would be impossible to overestimate the advantage this gave her over all her advisers.

"I knew she had made up her mind," Mrs. Everard said next day, with resignation. Whatever might happen she had done her duty; and the consequences

must certainly fall on the culprit's own head.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ARRIVAL.

To the reader who is better acquainted with the causes and the character of Frederick Eastwood's detention on his journey than either his mother or her Privy Councillor the fears entertained by these ladies in respect to his health will scarcely appear deserving of much consideration. His health, indeed, very soon came right again. Two days' rest at Pisa, the substitution of the *vin du pays* for champagne, and the absence of other excitements, made him quite equal to contemplate the journey home without anxiety, so far as his own interesting person was concerned. He had difficulties enough, however, of another kind. He was obliged to stay a day longer than he intended, in order to fit out his cousin with various things pronounced by Mrs. Drainham to be indispensable. She had to be clothed in something more fit for a journey than the thin black frock which Niccolo had ordered for her at her father's death. Pisa did not afford much in the way of toilette; but still the dress and cloak procured by Mrs. Drainham were presentable, and the fastidious young man was extremely grateful to the physician's pretty wife for clothing his companion so that he should not be ashamed to be seen with her, which would have been the case had the poor child travelled as she intended in her only warm garment, the velvet cloak.

"It must have been a stage property in its day," Frederick said, looking at the many tints of its old age with disgust.

Innocent hid it away instantly in the depths of her old trunk, and sat proudly shivering with cold in her thin frock through all the long evening,—the cold, long, lingering night which preceded their departure. She thought her cousin would have come to her; but Frederick wisely reflected that he would have enough of her society for the next few days, and preferred the Drainham's comfortable drawing-room instead. Poor Innocent! she stood in the old way at the window, but not impassive as of old, looking for some one this time, and trying with a beating heart to make him out among the crowd that moved along the Lung Arno. This expectation engrossed her so much that she forgot to think of the change that was about to come upon



her life. I do not know, indeed, that she was capable of thinking of anything so complex as this change. She had wandered from one place to another with her father, living always the same dreary, secluded life, having such simple wants as she was conscious of supplied, and nothing ever required of her. I believe, had it been suggested to her unawakened mind that thenceforward she must do without Niccolo, this would have been the most forcible way of rousing her to thought of what was about to happen. And, indeed, this was exactly the course which was about to be taken, though without any idea on the part of Niccolo of the effect it would produce. He came in as usual with his little tray, the salad heaped up, green and glistening with oil just as he liked it himself. Beside it, as this was the last evening, was a small, but smoking hot, dish of maccheroni, a morsel of cheese on a plate, and a *petit pain*, more delicate than the dry Italian bread. The usual small flask of red wine flanked this meal, which Niccolo brought in with some state, as became the little festa which he had prepared for his charge. Tears were in the good fellow's eyes, though his beard was divided in its blackness by the kind smile, which displayed his red lips and white teeth. He arranged it on the little table close by the stove, placed the chair beside it, and trimmed the lamp before he called upon his Signorina, whose position by the window he had immediately remarked with a shrug of his shoulders. He had taken care of her all her life; but I am not quite sure that the good Niccolo was not glad to be relieved of a charge so embarrassing. His own prospects were certainly brightened by her departure. He had served her father faithfully and long with but poor recompense, and now the reward of his faithfulness was coming to Niccolo in the shape of a better place, with higher wages and a position which was very splendid in his eyes. Never was heart more disposed to entertain a romantic devotion for the child he had nurtured; but it is difficult for the warmest heart to give itself up in blind love to an utterly unresponsive being, whether child or man, and as Innocent did not love Niccolo or any one else the separation from her was less hard than it might otherwise have been. Nevertheless, there were tears in his eyes, and his heart was softened and melting when he arranged her supper for her, and went to the cold window to call her to her

solitary meal. He touched her shoulder caressingly with his hand.

"Santissima Madonna!" cried Niccolo, "you will die of cold, my poor young lady; you have nothing but this thin dress, which cannot keep you warm. Where in the name of all the saints is your cloak?"

"I have put it away. It is ugly; it is not fit to wear," cried Innocent. "It is a thing of the theatre. Why did you let me wear it?" and she put off his hand gently enough, but coldly, and continued her watch.

"A thing of the theatre!" cried Niccolo, indignant, "when I bought it myself at the sale of the pittore Inglese, who died over the way; and you looked like a princess when you put it on, and warm as a bird in a nest. But I know who it is that turns you against your old dresses and your old way of living and your poor old Niccolo. It is the cousin. I hope he will be to you all we have been, Signorina. But in the meantime my young lady is served, and if she does not eat, the maccheroni will be cold. Cold maccheroni is good for no one." The cousin will not come to-night."

"You do not know," said Innocent, turning a momentary look upon him, which was half a defiance and half a question.

"But I do know," said Niccolo; "he went to the house of the English doctor half an hour ago, and bid me tell the Signorina to be prepared at ten to-morrow. Come, then, to the maccheroni. When everything else fails it is always good to have maccheroni to fall back upon. *Chi ha buon pane, e buon vino, ha troppo un micolino.*"

"I do not care for maccheroni," said Innocent. She turned from the window, however, with a dawning of the pride of a woman who feels herself slighted. "Niccolo, I do not want anything: you can go away."

"And this is how she parts with the old Niccolo!" he cried. "I have carried her in my arms when she was little. I have dressed her, and prepared for her to eat and drink all her life. I have taken her to the festa, and to the church. I have done all for her—all! and the last night she tells me—'I do not want anything, Niccolo; you may go away.'"

"The last night?" said Innocent, moved a little. She shivered with the cold, and with the pang of desertion, and with that new-born sense of her loneliness which had never struck her before.



She knelt down by the stove to get a little warmth, and turned her eyes inquiringly upon him. She knew what he meant very well, and yet she did not know.

"The last night," said Niccolo. "Tomorrow evening you will be upon the great sea; you will be on your way to your relations, to your England, which cannot be colder than your heart, Signorina. I weep, for I cannot forget that you were once a little child, and that I carried you in my arms. When I reflect that it is fifteen years, fifteen years that I have taken care of you, from the moment your nurse left you, *disgraziato!* and that after to-morrow I shall see you no more! Whatever has to be done for you must be done by others, or will not be done at all, which is more likely. When you want anything you may call 'Niccolo, Niccolo;' but there will be no Niccolo to reply. If I were to permit myself to think of all this I should become *pazzo*, Signorina — though you don't care."

Innocent said nothing; but slowly the reality of this tremendous alteration in her lot made itself apparent to her. No Niccolo! She could not realize it. With Niccolo, too, many other things would disappear. She looked round the lofty bare walls, which, indeed, had few attractions, except those of use and wont, and faintly it dawned upon her that her whole life and everything that was familiar to her was about to vanish away. Large tears filled her eyes; she turned to Niccolo an appealing, beseeching look. "I do not understand," she cried, with a panting breath; and put out her hands, and clung to him. He who was about to be left behind was the emblem of all the known, the familiar — I do not say the dear — for the girl's heart and soul had been sealed up, and she loved nothing. But she knew him, and relied upon him, and had that child's trust that he would never fail her, which is often all that a child knows of love. No Niccolo! She did not understand how existence was to go on without him. She clung to him with a look of sudden alarm and dismay in her dilated eyes.

The good Niccolo was satisfied. He had not wished or attempted to rouse that miserable, vague sense of desertion and abandonment of which he had no comprehension; but he was satisfied to have brought out some evidence of feeling, and also that his dramatic appeal had produced the due effect. "My dearest

young lady," he said, wiping the great tears from her eyes with his own red handkerchief, a service which he, indeed, had performed many a time before. "Carissima Signorina mia! There will never be a day of my life that I will not think of you, nor shall I ever enter a church without putting the blessed Madonna in mind of my poor, dear, well-beloved young lady who has no mother! Never, carina! never, my child, my little mistress! You may always rely upon your old Niccolo; and when my young lady marries a rich milordo she will come back to Pisa, and seek out her old servant, and say to the handsome, beautiful young husband — 'This is my old Niccolo, that brought me up!' Ah, carina mia," cried the good fellow, laughing and crying, and applying the red handkerchief first to Innocent's cheeks and then to his own; "that will be a magnificent day to look forward to! The young Milordo will say immediately, 'Niccolo shall be the Maestro della casa; he shall live and die in my service.' Ah, my beautiful Signorina, what happiness! I will go with you to England or anywhere. You were born to be our delight!" cried Niccolo, carried away by his feelings, and evidently imagining that the *giorno magnifico* had arrived already. Innocent, however, did not follow these rapid vicissitudes of feeling. To get one clear idea into her mind was difficult enough. Sometimes she looked at him, sometimes into the little fire, with its ruddy embers. Her head was giddy, her heart dully aching. All was going away from her; the room, the walls, seemed to turn slowly round, as if they would dissolve and break up into vapour. The very dumbness of her heart made this vague sense of misery the more terrible; she could say nothing. She could not have told what she felt or what she feared; but all the world seemed to be dissolving about her into coldness and darkness and loneliness; the cold penetrated to her very soul; she was miserable, as we may imagine a dumb animal to be, without any way of relieving itself of the confused pain in its mind.

Niccolo, after a while, became alarmed, and devoted himself to her restoration with all the tender kindness of his race. He rushed to the trunk, and got out the old mantle, in which he wrapped her; he put the scaldino into her hands, he brought her wine, and petted and smiled her back into composure. He carried the largest scaldino in the house, full of the reddest embers, into her stony bedroom.

"It is not the cold," he said to himself, "it is the sorrow, poverina! poverina! Let no one say after this that she has not a tender heart." And when she went to bed Niccolo stayed up all night — cheerful, yet sad — to finish the packing, to set everything straight, and to leave the apartment in such order that the Marchese Scaramucci might have no grievance against his tenant, and as small a bill of repairs as possible. Good, kindly soul; he was rather glad though on the whole that to-morrow he was going to the new master, who was rich, and kept a number of servants, and who, being a Milordo, might perhaps be cheated now and then in a friendly way.

And next morning Innocent's old world did break up into clouds and vapours. For the last time she stole over to the little church in the dark morning, and said the Lord's Prayer, and then sat still, looking at the little altar, where this time the candles were lighted, and a priest saying mass. The mass had nothing to do with Innocent. The drone of the monotonous voice, the gleam of the candles, made no sort of impression upon her. Her imagination was as little awakened as her heart was. If she thought of anything at all it was, with a sore sense of a wound somewhere, that Frederick had left her, that he had not come near her, that he was happy away from her; but all quite vague; nothing definite in it, except the pang. And then Santa Maria della Spina, and the high houses opposite, and the yellow river below, and the clustered buildings about the Duomo, and all Pisa, in short, melted into the clouds, and rolled away like a passing storm, and the new world began.

What kind of a strange phantasmagoric world this was, full of glares of light and long stretches of darkness; of black, plunging, angry waves, ready to drown the quivering, creaking, struggling vessel, which carried her and her fortunes; then of lights again wavering and dancing before the eyes, which were still unsteady from the sea; and once more the long sweep of the railway through the night, more lights, more darkness, succeeding and succeeding each other like the changes in a dream — we need not attempt to describe. It was four days after their start from Pisa, when her strength was quite worn out by the continuous and unusual fatigue both to body and mind, her nerves shaken, and all her powers of sensation dulled, when, shuddering at the sight, she came again to the short, but

angry, sea, which had to be crossed to England. It was not a "silver streak" that day. There are a great many days in the year, as the traveller knows, in which it is anything but a "silver streak." In short, few things wilder, darker, more tempestuous, and terrible could be conceived than the black belt of Channel across which Innocent fought her way in the Dover steamboat to where a darker shadow lay upon the edge of the boiling water, a shadow which was England. For a wonder she was not sea-sick. Frederick, whose self-control under such circumstances was dubious, had established her in a corner, and then had left her, not coming near her again till they entered the harbour, which was no unkindness on his part, but an effort of self-preservation, which the most *exigeant* would have approved. He had been very good to her on the journey, studying her comfort in every way, taking care of her almost as Niccolo had done, excusing all her little misadventures with her hand-bag, and the shawl she carried over her arm. He had let her head rest upon his shoulder; he had allowed her to hold his hand fast when the steamboat went up and down on the Mediterranean. These days of fatigue had been halcyon days of perfect repose, and confidence in her companion. The poor child had never known any love in her barren life, and this kindness, which she did not know either, seemed in her eyes something heavenly, delicious beyond power of description. It had never been possible for her to cling to any one before, and yet her nature and breeding both made her dependent, and helpless in her ignorance. Frederick appeared to her in such a light as had as yet touched nothing else in earth or heaven. Her heart woke to him and clung to him, but went no further. Her eyes searched all the dark figures on the deck in search of him when self-preservation drove him from her side. A cloud — an additional cloud — came on the world when he was absent. She felt no interest in the darksome England which loomed out of the mists; no curiosity even about the home it enclosed, or the unknown women who would hereafter so strangely affect her happiness. She gazed blankly at the cliffs rising through the fog, at the lights blown about by the wind, which shone out upon the stormy sea, and the bustle on the shore of the crowd which awaited the arrival of the steamer. All that she felt was again that ache (but slighter than before) to think that Frederick liked to

be away from her, chose to leave her. For her part she felt only half living, and not at all real when he was not near enough to be touched. He was all she had left of reality out of the dissolving views into which the past had broken up; she might be dreaming but for him. When he came to her side at last in Dover Harbour, she caught at his arm and clasped it, and stood close up to him, holding on as to an anchor in the midst of all her confusion. Frederick did not dislike the heavy claim thus made upon him. The girl was very young, and almost beautiful in her strange way. She was ice except to him. She had thrown herself into his arms the first time they met, and a certain complacency of superiority, which was very sweet, mingled with the sense of protecting and sustaining care with which he looked upon the creature thus entirely dependent on him.

"Now the worst of our troubles is over," he said, cheerfully, though he was very white and even greenish in colour after the last hour's sufferings. "Two hours more, and we shall be at home."

Innocent made no answer. She did not think at all of home; she only clung a little closer to him, as the only interpreter of all the vague and misty wonders which loomed about her. They were just about to step out of the boat, she always clinging to him, when Frederick heard himself called in a coarse but jovial voice, which at first bewildered him with surprise before he recognized it, and then gave him anything but a pleasant sensation.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Eastwood," it said. "Horrid passage, Sir; a thing not to be endured if one could help it. I've been as sick as a dog, and judging by your colour, so have you."

"No," said Frederick, coldly; but it is not easy to be politely calm to a man who has you in his power, and who could "sell you up" to-morrow if he liked, without benefit of clergy. He shivered as he replied, feeling such a terror of the consequences as I should vainly attempt to describe. It was like the death's head at the feast, suddenly presenting itself when his mind was for the moment free from all dread of it. He turned round (though he had recognized the voice) with supercilious surprise, as if he could not imagine who the speaker was.

"Oh, Mr.—! You have been in Paris, I presume, ever since I saw you there?"

"Just so," said Batty, "and some jolly evenings we've managed to have since, I

can tell you. Not your way—unlimited, you know; but in moderation. By Jove! your way was too good to last. Made out your journey comfortable, eh, Mr. Eastwood? Got a companion now, I see."

Oh, how Frederick blessed that companion for the opaqueness of her observation, for her want of interest in what was done and said around. "Yes, my cousin," he said, in a quiet undertone; and added, "Now I must get her into the train, and find a place for her. I am sorry I have no time to talk to you just now. Don't be afraid that I shall forget the—the business—between us."

"No, I don't think you will," said Batty, with a horse-laugh. "You couldn't if you would, and I shouldn't let you if you wanted to. And, by the way," he said, keeping them back from the wished-for landing, "I recollected after I left you that I had never given you my address. Stop a moment, I'll find it directly."

"I will come back to you," cried Frederick, desperate, "as soon as I have placed this lady in the train."

"Just a moment," said the man, pulling out his pocket-book. "I have your address, your know. There I have the advantage," he added, with a leer into Frederick's face.

Perhaps there is no ill-doing in this world which escapes punishment one way or other. Frederick had escaped a great deal better than he had any right to hope for till this moment. But now the Fates avenged themselves. Though he was cold and shivering, he grew red to his hair with suppressed passion.

"Let me pass, for Heaven's sake," he cried, bursting into involuntary entreaty.

"Here it is," said Mr. Batty, thrusting a card into his hand, and with a chuckle he turned round to some people behind, who were with him, and let his victim go. Frederick hurried his silent companion on shore in a tumult of miserable and angry feeling. It was the first time he had felt the prick of the obligation under which he lay. He did not make the kind and pleasant little speech which he had intended to make to Innocent as he led her on to English soil. It had been driven out of his head by this odious encounter. Heavens! he thought, if it had been Nelly instead of Innocent! and next time it might be Nelly. He hurried the girl into the train without one word, and threw in his coat and went off to get some brandy to restore his nerves and his courage. "Hallo! Eastwood!" some one else called out to him. "Bless my life,

how green you are? been ill on the crossing, eh?" This is not a confession which the young Englishman is fond of making in a general way, but Frederick nodded and hurried on, ready to confess to anything, so long as he could be left alone. The brandy did him good, driving out the shuddering cold, and putting some sort of spirit into him; for indeed it was quite true that, in addition to the mental shock, he had been ill on the crossing, too.

Innocent had paid no attention to this colloquy; she received into her passive memory the voice and face of the man who had addressed her cousin; but she was not herself aware that she had done so. She was grieved when Frederick left her, and glad when he came back in a few minutes to ask if she would have anything. "No; only if you will come," she said, putting out her hand. That was all she thought of. A kind of tremor had taken possession of her, not of expectation, for she was too passive to speculate—a thrill of the nerves as she approached the end of her journey. "You will not go away from me when we get there?" she said, piteously. What with his disagreeable acquaintances, and his too clinging charge, poor Frederick had enough on his hands.

"Of course, I shall not go away; but Innocent, you must put me in the second place now," he said, patting her shoulder kindly as he sat down beside her. The answer she made was to put her hand softly within his arm. I don't think Mrs. Eastwood would have approved of it, and Frederick found it rather embarrassing, and hoped the old lady did not observe it, who was in the other corner of the railway carriage; she dozed all the way to town, and he did not know her; but still a man does not like to look ridiculous. Otherwise it was not unpleasant of itself.

And then Innocent's bewildered eyes were dazzled by a blaze of lights, and noise, and crowding figures. Out of that she was put into the silence of a dingy cab, and left there, feeling unutterably lonely, and not at all sure that now at the last moment he had not forsaken her, while Frederick was absent looking after the luggage, that dismal concluding piece of misery after a long journey. By the time he came back to her she was crying, and sick with suspense and terror. And then came a last quick drive, through gleaming lights, and intervals of darkness, by shop-windows and through dim lanes, till at last a door flew open in the gloom, sending forth light and warmth, and two fig-

ures rushed out of it, and took her passive into their arms. She held Frederick fast with one hand, while she gazed at them. This was how she came home.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME.

ALL the events of that evening passed like a dream over the mind of Innocent. The warm, curtained, cushioned, luxurious room, with its soft carpets, its soft chairs, its draperies, its fullness and crowd of unfamiliar details, the unknown faces and sounds, the many pictures on the walls, the conversation quick and familiar, carried on in a language which to be sure she knew perfectly, but was not accustomed to hear about her—all bewildered and confused her. She sat and looked at them with an infantile stare of half-stupefied dull wonder, not altogether understanding what they said, and not at all taking in the meaning even when she understood the words. She made scarcely any response to their many questions. She said "Yes" when they asked if she was tired, but nothing at all in reply to her aunt's warm and tearful welcome. She felt disposed to wonder why they kissed her, why they unfastened her wraps and put a footstool for her feet before the fire, and made so much fuss about her. Why did they do it? Nothing of the kind would have occurred to Innocent had they gone to her. She did not understand their kindness. It seemed to her to require some explanation, some clearing-up of the mystery. She sat with her lips shut close, with her eyes opened more widely than usual, turning to each one who spoke. She had felt no curiosity about them before she arrived, and she did not feel any curiosity now. They were new and strange, and wonderful, not to be accounted for by any principles within her knowledge. They placed her by the fire, they took off her hat and cloak, they established her there to thaw, and be comforted.

"Dinner will be ready directly—but will you have a cup of tea first?" said Mrs. Eastwood, stroking her lank hair.

"No," said Innocent, "I am not ill." She thought, as was natural with her Italian training, that tea was a medicine.

"Would you like to go up to your room before dinner, or are you too tired, dear?" said Nelly.

"I will stay here," said the girl. This was how she answered them, always gazing at the one who spoke to her, and ever

turning to give a wistful look at Frederick, who, for his part, felt himself somehow responsible for the new guest, and annoyed by the wondering looks of his mother and sister.

"Let her alone," he said, with some impatience. "Don't you see she is frightened and tired, and scarcely understands you? We have been travelling day and night since Tuesday. Innocent, are you very much tired? Should you like to go to bed? or are you able to sit up to dinner? Don't be afraid."

She looked up at him instantly responsive. She put out her hand to him, and grasped his, though this was a formula which he could have dispensed with. "Are you to sit up to dinner?" she asked. "Then I will too."

"I am the only one she knows," he said, turning to the others, half-pleased, half-ashamed; perhaps more than half-ashamed, the young man being English, and in deadly terror of being laughed at. "I hope I am old enough to sit up to dinner," he said, carrying off a little confusion in a laugh; "but I confess after all this travelling I am tired, too."

"Let me look at you, Frederick," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I see you are better; you are not so pale as when you went away. Your illness, on the whole, must have agreed with you. Why didn't you write, you unkind boy? Nelly and I would have gone over to nurse you——"

Heaven forbid! Frederick said to himself; the bare suggestion gave him a livelier idea of the dangers he had escaped than anything else had done. "No, no," he said, "a journey at this season of the year is no joke. That was the very reason I did not write; and then, of course, I was anxious to get on as quickly as I could to poor Innocent, who was being made a victim of by all the ladies, the doctress and the clergywoman, and all the rest——"

"Was she made a victim of?" said Nelly, looking at the new comer in her easy-chair, with doubtful wonder.

Innocent divined rather than understood that they were talking of her, and once more raised her eyes to Frederick with a soft smile which seemed to consent to everything he said. She seemed to the ladies to be giving confirmation to his words, whereas, in reality, it was but like the holding out of her hand—another way of showing her confidence and dependence on him.

"I took her out of their hands," said Frederick, with a delightful indifference

to facts; "they would have sent her to you with a Pisan outfit, peasant costume, for anything I can tell. I was very glad to get there in time. I found the poor child living in the house all alone, not even with a maid, and a dark ghostly dismal sort of house, which you would have thought would have frightened her to death."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Eastwood, "alone without even a maid? Oh, that is dreadful! Were you frightened, my poor darling?"

"No," said Innocent, glancing at her questioner quickly, and then returning to her habitual gaze upon Frederick. This was not encouraging, but of course Frederick had been her first acquaintance, and she had come to know him. His mother dismissed him summarily to wash his hands before dinner. "Don't think of dressing," she said; and Innocent was left alone with them. She sat quite passive, as she had done with Mrs. Drainham, turning her eyes from one to the other with a wistful sort of fear, which half amused, half angered them. To be sure, in her fatigued state, there was every excuse to be made.

"You must not be afraid of us, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood. "Nelly and I will love you very much if you will let us. It will be a great change for you, and everything is very different here from what it is in Italy. I have lived in Italy myself when your poor dear mamma was a young girl like you. Do you remember your mamma, Innocent?"

"No."

"I think you must remember her a little. You are not like her. You must be like the Vanes, I suppose. Have you ever seen any of the Vanes, your father's relations?"

"No," said Innocent, again getting bewildered, and feeling that this time she ought to say yes. Nelly came to the other side of the chair and took her hand, looking kindly at her. Why would these people say so much—do so much? Why did not they leave her alone?

"Mamma, she is stupefied with cold and fatigue," said Nelly. "To-morrow she will be quite different. Lean back in the chair, and never mind us. We will not talk to you any more."

But she did not lean back in her chair; she had not been accustomed to chairs that you could lean back in. She sat bolt upright, and looked at them with her eyes wide open, and looked at everything, taking in the picture before her with the



quick eyes of a savage, though she was confused about what they said. How close and warm everything was, how shut in, no space to walk about or to see round the crowded furniture! The room, in English eyes, though very well filled, was not at all crowded with furniture; but Innocent compared it with the Palazzo Scaramucci, where every chair and table stood distinct in its own perspective. How different was the aspect of everything! the very tables were clothed, the windows draped to their feet, the room crammed with pictures, books, things, and people. Innocent seemed to want space; the walls closed and crowded upon her as they do upon people who have just recovered their sight. Mrs. Drainham's drawing-room had been made very comfortable, but it was not like this. The want of height and size struck her more than the wealth and comfort. She was not used to comfort, never having had it—and did not feel the want of it. Even the fire, after the first few minutes of revived animation produced by its warmth, felt stifling to her, as to all Italians. The ladies by her side thought she was admiring everything, which disposed them amiably towards her, but this was very far from the feeling in Innocent's mind.

And after dinner, when they took her to her room, this effect increased. She was led through Mrs. Eastwood's room and Nelly's to that little snug bright chamber, with its bright fire blazing, the candles burning on the toilette table, the pretty chintz surrounding her with garlands, and the pictures on the walls which had been chosen for her pleasure. With what wonder and partial dismay she looked upon it all! It was not much larger than the great carved chest which stood in a corner of her chamber at the Palazzo Scaramucci, and yet how much had been put into it! The girl was like a savage sighing for her wigwam, and to be shut up here was terrible to her." Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly both led her to this room, explaining, poor simple souls, how they had placed her in the very heart of the house, as it were, that she might not feel lonely. "Both of us, you see, are within call, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, "but the room is very small."

"Yes," said Innocent. They had, no doubt, expected her to say in answer to this that the room was delightful, and to show her sense of their kindness by some word of pleasure or admiration. But nothing of the kind followed. She looked vacantly round, with a scared, half-stupe-

fied expression. She had no desire to be put into the heart of the house. And there can be no doubt that this absolute want of all effusion, all response even on her part, chilled the warm hearts of her relations. "She is tired," they said to each other, excusing her; but that was an imperfect kind of satisfaction. Nelly herself had meant to stay with her to help her to undress. "But perhaps you would rather be alone?" said Nelly.

"Yes," was Innocent's answer; and you may imagine how discomfited poor Nelly felt, who was used to the gregarious way of girls, and did not understand what this could mean.

"I will leave you, then," she said, so completely taken aback that her self-possession failed her. She turned to go away, blushing and disturbed, feeling herself an unwelcome intruder in the room which she had spent so much care upon. Nelly did not know what to make of it. She had never encountered anything like it in her life, and it puzzled her beyond expression.

"I am here, Miss Ellinor," said the voice of old Alice behind her, which startled Nelly once more; for Alice had disapproved of all the fuss about Innocent's arrival, and had done everything she could to discourage it. "I'll put her to her bed," said Alice. "It's me that am the proper person. Go to your mamma, my dear, and I'll come and tell you when she's comfortable. She cannot be expected to be pleasant to-night, for she's tired, and all's new to her. I've done the same for her mother many a day. Leave her to me."

Innocent took no part in the discussion. She stood in the centre of the little room, longing to be alone. Oh, if they would only go away and leave her to herself! "I never have a maid," she exerted herself to say, when she saw that the tall old woman remained in the room; "I do not want anything. Please go away."

"Maybe it's me that want's something," said Alice, authoritatively, and began her ministrations at once, paying very little attention to the girl's reluctance. "Hair clipped short, like a boy's—that's her outlandish breeding," said Alice to herself. "A wild look, like a bit savage out of the woods—that's loneliness; and two great glowering een. But no like her mother—no like her mother, the Lord be thanked!"

Then this homely old woman said two or three words, somewhat stiffly and foreignly, in Italian, which made Innocent



stare, and roused her up at once. She had no enthusiasm for the country in which she had lived all her life; but still, she had lived there, and the sound of the familiar tongue woke her up out of her stupor. "Are you not English?" she said, "like all the rest?"

"God be thanked, no, I'm no English," said Alice, "but I'm Scotch, and it's no likely that you would ken the difference. I used to be with your mother when she was young like you. I was in Pisa with the family, where you've come from. I have never forgotten it. Do you mind your mother? Turn your head round, like a good bairn, that I may untie this ribbon about your neck."

"Why do you all ask me about my mother?" said Innocent, in a pettish tone. "No, I never knew her; why should I? The lady down stairs asked me, too."

"Because she was your mother's sister, and I was your mother's woman," said Alice. "I'm much feared, my honey, that you've no heart. Neither had your mother before you. Do you mean aye to call my mistress 'the lady down stairs?'"

"I don't know," said Innocent, in dull stupor. She felt disposed to cry, but could not tell why she had this inclination. "What should I call her? No one ever told me her name," she added, after a moment's pause.

"This will be a bonnie handful," said Alice to herself, reflectively. "Did Mr. Frederick never tell you she was your aunt? But maybe you do not ken what that means? She's your nearest kin, now you've lost that ill man, your father. She's the one that will take care of you and help you, if you're good to her—or whether or no," Alice added, under her breath.

"Take care of me? *He* promised to take care of me," said Innocent, with her eyes lightening up; "I do not want any one else."

"*He*, meaning your cousin?" said Alice, grimly.

"Frederick. I like his name. I cannot remember the other names. I never have been used to see so many people," said Innocent, at length bursting into speech after her long silence. She could speak to this woman, who was a servant, but she did not understand the ladies in their pretty dresses, who oppressed her with their kindness. "Shall I have to see them every day?" she continued, with a dismal tone in her voice. The cor-

ners of her mouth drooped. At this thought she was ready to cry again.

"Go to your bed," said Alice, authoritatively. "If I thought you knew what you were saying, my bonnie woman, I would like to put you to the door. The creature's no a changeling, for it says its prayers," she added to herself, when she had extinguished the candles, and left the stranger in her chamber; "but here's a bonnie handful for the mistress," Alice went on, talking to herself while she arranged Mrs. Eastwood's room for the night, "and plenty of mischief begun already. She's no like her mother, which is a comfort: but there's Ane that is."

Nobody heard these oracular mutterings, however, and nobody in the house knew as much as Alice did, who had no thought in the world but the Eastwoods, and kept her mental life up by diligently putting one thing to another, and keeping watch and ward over the children she had nursed. It was common in the Elms to say that Alice was a "character;" but I do not think any of them had the least idea how distinct and marked her character was, or how deeply aware she was of the various currents which were shaping unconsciously the life of the "family." She was nearly ten years older than Mrs. Eastwood, and had brought her up as well as her daughter, commencing life as a nursery-maid in the house of her present mistress's father, when Mrs. Eastwood was six or seven years old, and her young attendant sixteen. She knew everything, and more than everything, that had taken place in the family since; more than everything, for Alice in her private musings had thought out the mingled story, and divined everybody's motives, as, perhaps, they scarcely divined them themselves. She had married, when she was thirty, the gardener who took charge of a shooting-box in Scotland, which belonged to Admiral Forbes, the Eastwoods' grandfather, but had been absent from them only about two years, returning at her husband's death to accompany them to Italy, and to settle down afterwards into the personal attendant and superintendent of her young lady's married life. She knew all about them: she knew how it was that the old Admiral had made his second marriage, and how his second daughter, Isabel, had developed by the side of her more innocent and simple sister. She recollected a great deal more about Innocent's father and mother than Mrs. Eastwood herself did—more than it was at all expedient or profitable to re-

collect. And it was not only the past that occupied her mind; she understood the present, and studied it with a ceaseless interest, which the subjects of her study were scarcely aware of; though they had all long ago consented to the fact that Alice knew everything. Mrs. Eastwood thought it right to inform Alice of all the greater events that affected the family, but generally ended such confidences abruptly, with a half-amused, half-angry consciousness that Alice already knew all about them, and more of them than she herself did. Alice was the only one in all the house who had divined the real character of Frederick. As for the others, she said to herself, with affectionate contempt, that they were "just nothing, just nothing — honest lads and lasses, with no harm in them." She loved them, but dismissed them summarily from her mind as persons not likely to supply her life with any striking interest; but here was something very different. Life quickened for the observant old woman, and a certain thrill of excitement came into her mind as she put out Mrs. Eastwood's comfortable dressing-gown and arranged all her "things." Mrs. Eastwood herself had furnished but little mental excitement to Alice, but something worth looking into seemed now about to come.

Down stairs, the two ladies looked at each other doubtfully when Nelly went back to the drawing-room. They did not know what to say. Dick was shut up in his own room at work, or pretending to be at work, and Frederick had gone out into the garden to smoke his cigar, though the night was dark and cold. "Well, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood to Nelly; and "Well, Mamma?" Nelly replied.

"I do not understand the girl," was Mrs. Eastwood's next speech.

"How could we expect to understand her, just come off a long journey, and stupefied by coming into a strange place? Remember, she never saw any of us before. Don't let us be unreasonable, Mamma," cried Nelly; and then she added, in a more subdued tone, "She must be affectionate, for she seemed to cling so to Frederick."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Eastwood, with a long-drawn breath. "My dear," she added, after a pause, "I don't want to anticipate difficulties which may never come; but on the whole it might have been better to send some one else than Frederick. A young man, you know; it is always a risk. I wish I had made up my mind at once to spare Alice —"

"Nonsense, Mamma!"

"It is all very well to say nonsense, Nelly, but when you have lived as long as I have —" Mrs. Eastwood said, slowly: "However, it cannot be helped now. Do you think she is pretty, Nelly? It's rather a remarkable face."

"I don't know," said Nelly, puzzled. "It would be beautiful in a picture. Wait till she wakes up and comes to life, and then we shall know. Here is Frederick, all perfumed with his cigar. We were talking her over —"

"Yes, I knew you must be pulling the poor child to pieces," said Frederick, seating himself by the fire. "What have you got to say against her? She is not cut in the common fashion, like all the other girls whom one sees about — and is sick of."

"I should think the other girls cared very little whether you were sick of them or not," retorted Nelly, affronted.

Mr. Frederick Eastwood was one of the young men who entertain a contempt for women, founded on the incontestable consciousness of their own superiority; and it was one of his theories that all women were jealous of each other. Even his mother, he felt, would "pull" the new comer "to pieces" out of pure feminine spite.

"Hush, children," said Mrs. Eastwood; "we have nothing to do with other girls for the moment. This one is very unresponsive, I am afraid. You have seen more of her than we have, Frederick. Had she any friends out yonder? Did she seem to you affectionate?"

Frederick laughed. "I have no reason to complain of any want of affectionateness," he said, pulling his peaked beard with that supreme satisfaction of gratified vanity which no woman can tolerate. Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other with a common wrath, but the mother put up a finger to suppress the impatience of her child.

"Yes, she seemed to turn to you," she said, with as much indifference in her voice as was practicable. "Ring for tea, now, Nelly. Frederick will like to get upstairs early after his journey. I saw Mr. Bellingham at the office after I got your letter, Frederick. He made rather a joke of your illness, poor boy. I hope you will not wish to go away for some time again. I am told that, though promotion is by seniority, those young men who are most to be depended on are the ones who get secretaryships, and so forth, — and you know your income is but small —"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.\*

"Those who get secretaryships, and so forth, are those who have private influence," said Frederick loftily, "which is not my case, mother. Whoever told you so told you stuff and nonsense. Men in office take their own sons and nephews, or their friends' sons and nephews, for their private secretaries—and fellows like me have no chance."

"But Mr. Bellingham, I am sure, had no private influence," urged Mrs. Eastwood; "it must have been merit in his case——"

"There was some political reason, I suppose," said Frederick. "Merit is humbug, you may take my word for that. By the bye, I think I will just step out to the club for half an hour to see what is going on. It is rather a fine night——"

"But after your illness, Frederick——"

"Oh, I am all right," he said, going out of the room. If I am obliged to tell the truth I must say that I do not think his departure was any great loss to his mother and sister. Mrs. Eastwood sighed, half because it was the first night of his return, and she felt the slight of his speedy withdrawal, and half because of an old prejudice in her mind that it was best for young men when not engaged to spend their evenings at home. But Frederick never made himself at all delightful at home, after an absence like this, for reasons of which she was altogether unconscious. Nelly did not sigh at all, and if she felt her brother's departure, did so more in anger than in sorrow.

"Are all young men coxcombs like that, I wonder?" she said.

"Hush, Nelly, you are always hard upon Frederick. Most of them are disposed that way, I am afraid; and not much wonder either when girls flatter their vanity. We must teach Innocent not to be so demonstrative," said Mrs. Eastwood. She sighed again, remembering her friend's warning. "Perhaps Jane Everard was not so much in the wrong, Nelly, after all."

"I suppose people who take the worst view of everything and everybody must be in the right sometimes," said Nelly, indignantly—a saying in which there was more truth than she thought.

THE work which Colonel Wrottesley undertook to perform was both creditable and becoming; and creditably to himself, as well as honestly towards his readers, he has accomplished it. In the life of his distinguished father-in-law, he has given us one of the most charming pieces of biography which it has been our good fortune of late years to encounter. No doubt the materials at his disposal were both ample and excellent. A journal kept through many years of active service in the field, by one who played no inconsiderable part in the transactions which he describes, can hardly fail, under any circumstances, to be interesting. And if it be interspersed with criticisms, not arising out of information obtained after the event, but based upon what an intelligent observer sees and hears while each separate operation is in progress, then they who follow its details will read as much with a view to instruction as to amusement. Such a journal of the great contest in the Peninsula Sir John Burgoyne kept, and Colonel Wrottesley has with equal judgment and taste given it to the public exactly as it was written. Nor is it thus alone that he has made the gallant old soldier his own biographer. As time sped on, sweeping from the stage of life one after another the giants whom the wars of the French Revolution had reared up, Sir John Burgoyne, wellnigh the last survivor of the race, found his opinion sought for, on every military subject, almost as much by foreign Governments and their representatives as by his own. Thus, when the breach with Russia became imminent, he was called upon to advise, not in Downing Street only, but at the Tuileries. Thus, when the Crimean war came to an end, General Todleben, his old opponent, acting for the Russian Government, entered with him into a friendly and professional controversy. Colonel Brailmont likewise, well known in this country as the able historian of Wellington's military career, appealed to him for advice and support, when opposed by a commission of Belgian engineers in his plans for the fortification of Antwerp. And American generals opened their minds to him during their civil war, discussing freely their own and their opponents' manœuvres,

\* Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bart. By his son-in-law, Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable George Wrottesley, Royal Engineers.

and accounting as they best could for the comparatively trivial results that, up to the very last campaign, attended both their failures and successes. All the letters and memoranda arising out of these references have been preserved; and — together with notes of his own services in Ireland as President of the Board of Works, his confidential despatches from Turkey and Sebastopol, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, his pleasant description of *fêtes* at Paris, Compiègne, Windsor, and elsewhere, and his large and miscellaneous correspondence with men eminent both in literature and science — they constitute such a mass of curious and valuable materials as seldom come into the possession of the most favoured of biographers. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Where there is neither tact in selecting nor skill to use aright what is chosen, a superabundance even of the best materials is just as apt to confuse as to prove of service to a writer. Happily Colonel Wrottesley has shown himself to be deficient in neither of these qualities, and the result is, as we have just said, one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of biography which has appeared for many a long day.

Among the soldiers and politicians of the early reign of George III., not the least distinguished in many respects was Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne. His failure at Saratoga, occasioned less through his own shortcomings than those of others, threw indeed a cloud over a military reputation which, prior to that calamity, had been more than respectable. Great, however, as the misfortune was, it neither lost for the prisoner on parole the good opinion of his friends, nor caused society to turn its back upon the somewhat florid speaker in the House of Commons — and the brilliant author, as a century ago he was esteemed to be, of “*The Lord of the Manor*,” and “*The Heiress*.” When a Westminster schoolboy, General Burgoyne had become the sworn friend of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley. This led to an intimacy with the family, which the soldier of fortune somewhat abused by eloping with Lady Charlotte, his friend’s youngest sister. But the incident, whatever may have been thought of it by the parents of the bride, seems not to have interrupted for a moment the kindly feelings of her brother towards the bridegroom. Lady Charlotte died without issue, in 1776. A year or two afterwards the widower

formed an illicit connection with a professional singer, who lived with him till his death in 1792, and whom, with her four children, he left absolutely penniless.

Of these four children, the subject of this memoir was the eldest. The day of his birth is not given, but we learn that he was baptised in the parish church of St. Ann’s, Soho, on the 15th of August 1782, and that he received the name of John Fox Burgoyne — Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman, standing as one of his sponsors.

General Burgoyne, as we have seen, died in 1792. He had made provision, as he thought, in his will for the children and their mother; but when his affairs came to be investigated, there were debts more than sufficient to swallow up all the assets, and mother and children were thrown upon the world. Nobly and generously Lord Derby came forward to supply to the orphans the place of a father. He assumed at once the entire charge of their maintenance, removed them from their mother’s care, and treated them ever afterwards as if they had been the lawful offspring of his sister, not the illegitimate children of her husband.

The subject of the present memoir was sent at first to be educated under a private tutor at Cambridge. With him he remained for about a year, after which he was removed to Eton, and subsequently, in 1796, to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. His biographer tells us that all this while the boy was gentle wellnigh to timidity, and accounts for the circumstance by reference to the state of dependence on the bounty of strangers of which, from early years, he had been painfully conscious. There may be some truth in this surmise; yet, on the whole, we are inclined to attribute the infirmity — for an infirmity it was — much more to constitutional diffidence than to any association of ideas, of which, to say the truth, we can discover no trace, either in his own letters or in those of his friends. Be the causes of the phenomenon, however, what they may, nothing can be more certain than that this distrust of his own powers, which is represented as colouring the youth’s academic career, never entirely ceased to be present with the man throughout a long and useful life. In doubtful and difficult circumstances occurring over and over again, no human being ever took clearer views of what ought to be done, or expressed them more distinctly; yet, in every instance, as it would seem, he gave way when

strenuously opposed, and, retaining his own opinions, which were almost always sound, consented to act in contravention of them. There might be weakness in this. There doubtless was, but it was a weakness both loyal and amiable. Had he been less modest he might have filled a larger space in the world's esteem; but in this case, the applause of the crowd would have been purchased at the expense of those very qualities which rendered him so much an object of personal love to his friends and associates.

Young Burgoyne's first commission as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers bears date the 20th of August 1798. By a curious coincidence, the first professional duty which he was called upon to perform was to assist in fortifying the western heights at Dover; and he lived to complete the works, as Director-General of Fortifications, just seventy years afterwards — *i.e.*, in 1868.

In 1800 our young soldier found himself under orders to proceed to Egypt with a force, of which General Abercromby was at the head. He did not, however, get further on that occasion than Malta, of which the French were then in possession, and in the blockade and capture of the forts commanding which he was employed. There he subsequently remained, serving as aid-de-camp to General Fox till the peace of 1802, when he obtained leave of absence, and made a tour through Egypt, Turkey, and Greece. Young as he was, he appears to have travelled with his eyes and ears open; for the information which he communicated on his return respecting the intrigues of the French in the East was considered so valuable that the Governor at once transmitted it to Downing Street. The result was, a second expedition by-and-by to Egypt, in which Burgoyne, now promoted to a captaincy, took part, but which unhappily failed, partly because the force employed was insufficient, partly because the enterprise was not conducted with the skill and judgment necessary to insure success.

During 1806, and part of 1807, Captain Burgoyne served in Sicily. In December of the latter year he was recalled to England in order to accompany, as Commanding Engineer, a force which was about to proceed to Sweden under Sir John Moore. Of the adventures of that little army and of its leader, as well as of the Government and people of Sweden, Burgoyne's journal gives a curious and interesting account. But we cannot stop

to analyse it, because greater events were at hand, with the whole of which, from the landing of Sir John Moore's division in Mondego Bay, down to the termination of hostilities in 1814, our hero was constantly mixed up.

In the sufferings and dangers that attended Sir John Moore's memorable retreat, Captain Burgoyne had his full share. He it was who, after mining the bridge over the Esla, held it till the British army had crossed over, and then blew it up, just as the French were descending from the opposite heights to force a passage. He was not, indeed, present at the battle of Corunna, because his line of retreat lay in a different direction; but he lost his horses, his baggage, and all else that he possessed, and returned to England with the light division from Vigo, rendered all but totally deaf by the hardships which he had undergone. Again Lord Derby came forward like a father, to comfort and sustain him. Immediately on reaching London he received a letter from his noble friend enclosing a draft upon Drummond's, and begging him to apply without scruple for further pecuniary aid, should it be required. Nothing can be more touching or in better taste than the letters which passed on both sides, and which Colonel Wrottesley has with great propriety given at length. Burgoyne's journal shows likewise, that the sufferings of the campaign were all forgotten during the pleasant weeks which he spent, partly at the Oaks, one of Lord Derby's country residences, and partly in London. There, among other sights, he witnessed the burning of Drury Lane theatre; but his services were soon required on a larger field, and he went forth again, to enter upon a life of military adventure, which, beginning in Lisbon, suffered no interruption till it carried him to the blockade of Bayonne and the first abdication of Napoleon.

Our readers would scarcely thank us, we suspect, if, from the volume now lying open on our table, we were to draw for them a sketch of the war, as it was waged sixty years ago in Spain and Portugal. Much more to the purpose it will be if, referring such as are curious in this matter to Burgoyne's journal itself, wherein are jotted down both the movements of columns and the personal adventures of the diarist, we content ourselves with making one or two extracts, such as shall show not only what the writer said and did in the performance of his duty, but



the light in which some of the great Duke's military operations presented themselves to a mind not naturally prone to find fault with those in authority. For ourselves, we offer no opinion with regard to the justice or injustice of some of these criticisms, though the first, which we now proceed to transcribe, is undoubtedly at variance in one important particular with the spirit of what the writer had himself previously stated, and is opposed in other respects to all history. He has told the story of the passage of the Douro somewhat incorrectly as regards the means that were employed to achieve it. He goes on to express an opinion upon the entire operation in the following terms:—

The first thing that strikes one in this business is the little previous preparation. Why Beresford, whose object was evidently to impede the retreat of the enemy, take up his time, and divert him sufficiently to enable the main body to be close at his heels and attack him, was not allowed more time to seize upon important posts, destroy bridges, &c.; and why Romana was not acquainted in time with the operations about to be undertaken against Soult, when he would have been very happy to have lent a hand to so important an undertaking; and though his undisciplined troops may have been very unequal to meet the French in the open field, no one will say they were not very adequate to a war of posts in broken wild country, and especially against these already harassed dispirited troops.

As regards the immediate work of attacking Oporto, it has been shown that the General had information on the morning of the 12th that a body of the enemy had left Oporto and taken the road to Valongo very early that morning; that the floating bridge at Oporto had been blown up in the night, but that at from four to eight miles above there were plenty of boats and every facility to pass the river. From these considerations it would appear the most military mode of proceeding would have been to have sent a small corps direct to Oporto to amuse the enemy while the main body crossed the river at Aventes. Had this been done the French army would have been divided in two, the rear-guard left in the town easily cut off, and the retreat of the remainder consequently more difficult. But then the brilliant achievement of forcing the passage of a considerable river in the presence of an enemy would have been lost.

There is another point open to criticism—viz., the want of celerity with which a flying dispirited enemy was hurried, &c., &c.

The only remark which we care to hazard on the first of these criticisms is, that if there were abundance of boats four or five miles higher up the stream, there would, likewise, with General Mur-

ray troops enough to fill them, and that further to divide his army appeared to Sir Arthur Wellesley undesirable. With respect to the second, it must be borne in mind that the English army was composed mainly of very young men—most of them recently recruited—of whom Captain Burgoyne himself, after seeing them passed in review, says: "The army is not so fine an one as I have been accustomed to see,—most of them very young soldiers;" while "the Portuguese made a very bad figure indeed,—cannot march,—the men particularly small." With troops of this description rapid movements are most distressing, as, indeed, was shown by the numbers who broke down during this campaign. Sir Arthur also pretty well accounted for the escape of the enemy when he said in his despatch—"It is obvious, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and everything which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made these sacrifices."

In all the sieges which occurred during the progress of the war, Burgoyne took a leading part. He seems, indeed, to have been the first officer of his corps who, in the absence of a body of drilled sappers, trained the soldiers of the line both to sap and mine. Lieut.-Col. Fletcher makes special mention of this circumstance in a letter addressed to the Inspector-General of Fortifications; and Captain (afterwards Sir C. P.) Pasley, himself the originator of the corps of sappers and miners, also refers to it: "The sappers we lately employed," says the former, "were taken from the 3d Division, and had received such instruction as time and means afforded, under Captain Burgoyne." "I congratulate you," writes the latter, "upon the honour which you will have of being the officer who trained the first sappers in the British service that ever acted against an enemy."

Burgoyne, now promoted to the rank of major by brevet, was attached, at the siege of Badajos, to the 3d, Picton's, Division. He describes vividly, in his journal, the escalade of the castle, by which the place was taken. But we prefer giving an extract from a description

of the same operation, by Captain M'Carty of the 50th Regiment, who acted under Burgoyne as Assistant Engineer, and gives the details which we confess are new to us. Colonel Wrottesley has printed them in his work.

On the 6th (of April) all minds were anxious for the advance, and orders were issued for the attack at ten o'clock that night. I again, with Major Burgoyne, attended by appointment General Picton at eight o'clock P.M. General Kempt and several others were there. General Picton, having explained his arrangements and given his orders, pulled out his watch, and said, "It is time, gentlemen, to go;" and added, emphatically, "some persons are of opinion that the attack on the castle will not succeed; but I will forfeit my life if it does not." We returned to the engineer depot, where the fatigue-parties and others had assembled, to receive ladders, axes, &c., which General Picton superintended himself, and repeated to them some directions. He then asked, "Who is to show me the way?" and Major Burgoyne presented me to him. When the General had sent off the parties, he turned to me—"Now, sir, I am going to my division," and rode away. I followed, and soon lost sight of him in the dark; but pursuing the same direction (not knowing where the direction was), I fortunately arrived at the division, which was drawn up in column between two hills, at the distance, I supposed, of three miles, and quite out of sight of Badajos. General Picton having addressed each of the brigades, he returned to the head of the division, ordered the march, and said to me, "Now, sir, which way are we to go?" We proceeded a considerable distance, and again came within sight of the fortress, the lights of which were altered and much extended. I was to conduct the division to a certain point in the trenches to meet Major Burgoyne, and thence to the escalade, and naturally felt the weight of the charge. For if I had misconducted so that his division arrived too late, I cannot, even now, ruminate on the result. But I had been so perfectly instructed by Major Burgoyne that I could not err; notwithstanding, to prevent the possibility of deviating, I several times ran ahead to ascertain the correctness of my guidance towards the given point, the General inquiring each time if we were going right. I confidently answered in the affirmative. Again I departed, and in approaching the direction of the ravelin, though far from it, I stumbled on a dead soldier of the 52d Regiment, which, operating as a landmark, proved that I was perfectly correct. No delay or error occurred. I returned to the column and informed the General that it was necessary to incline to the right, and coming to the side of the Talavera road, the column descended into it. Here General Picton, dismounting, sent away his horse, and headed his division on foot. The firing of the enemy's musketry becoming brisk, increased the Gen-

eral's anxiety lest any occurrence should retard the operation of his division; and when I had again advanced some distance to discover Major Burgoyne, and returned, General Picton, emphatically expressing himself, said that I was blind, he supposed, and going wrong; and, drawing his sword, swore he would cut me down. I explained, and he was appeased. We soon after arrived at the very spot in the first parallel where Major Burgoyne was waiting, when, seizing his hand with the affection of a brother-soldier, I expressed my happiness on the perfection of my guidance, and my assurance to the General that I had not led him an inch out of the way. Indeed it was as correct as a line. The division then entered the trench, and proceeded nearly to the end of it, when the enemy's fire burst forth in every direction over the division. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. It was as light as day. General Picton exclaimed, "Some of them are too soon. What o'clock is it?" and comparing his watch with others, the time was a quarter before ten o'clock. I remember this, because it has been supposed that General Picton's division approached too soon. When the division had advanced some distance from the parallel, and General Picton at its head, with General Kempt, Major Burgoyne, the Staff, and myself, the enemy's fire increased considerably; and I was walking between General Picton and General Kempt when General Picton stumbled and dropped, wounded in the foot. He was immediately assisted to the left of the column; and the command devolving on General Kempt, he continued to lead it with the greatest gallantry. On arriving at the milldam (extremely narrow), over which the troops were to pass, streams of fire blazed on the division, and the party with ladders, axes, &c., which had preceded, were overwhelmed, mingled in a dense crowd, and stopped the way. In the exigence I cried out, "Down with the paling!" and, aided by the officers and men in rocking the fence, made the opening at which the division entered, and which was opposite the before-mentioned mound; then "Up with the ladders!" "What! up here?" said a brave officer (45th). "Yes," was replied; and all seizing the ladders, pulled and pushed each other with them up the acclivity of the mound as the shortest way to its summit. The above officer and a major of brigade laboriously assisted in raising the ladders against the wall, where the fire was so destructive that with difficulty five ladders were raised on the mound; and I arranged the troops on them successively, according to my instructions, during which I was visited by General Kempt and Major Burgoyne, although this place and the whole face of the wall, being opposed by the guns of the citadel, were so swept by their discharges of round-shot, broken shells, bundles of cartridges, and other missiles, and also from the top of the wall ignited shells, &c., that it was almost impossible to twinkle the eye on any man before he was knocked down. In such an extremity

four of my ladders, with troops on them, and an officer at the top of each, were broken successively near the upper ends, and slid into the angle of the abutment. On the remaining ladder was no officer; but a private soldier at the top, on attempting to go over the wall, was shot in the head as soon as he appeared above the parapet, and tumbled backwards to the ground, when the next man (45th Regiment) to him upon the ladder instantly sprang over. I constantly cheered — "Huzzah! there is one over; follow him." But the crossbars of the ladders being broken, delayed the escaladers in the wall a short time, until the ladders were replaced so as to reach the top of the wall, which enabled the troops to pass over.

Of the operations before Burgos, and the causes of the failure there, Burgoyne takes a different view from that taken by historians in general. He will not allow that the insufficiency of the battering-train was entirely, or even mainly, to blame. His censure is much more sweeping. Here it is: —

Thus ended the siege of the Castle of Burgos, which, in my opinion, would have succeeded, had the corps on all the various occasions done their duty, had our Engineers had a competent establishment — viz., of stores, sappers and miners, officers, &c.; or *had a larger force been sent to the attack of the second and third line on the evening of the 18th inst.*

The truth appears to be, that with the exception of two battalions of Guards, the troops employed on that service were of an inferior order, a very large proportion being Portuguese; and the Portuguese, though good soldiers in other respects, could never be trusted — any more than our own sepoy — to act alone in desperate circumstances.

"Although the Portuguese," he says, "were so utterly useless, I must say that the British were very deficient, more so than I had ever before seen; but it is a melancholy fact, and one which tells particularly against the operations of the Engineers' department, that British soldiers, who have undoubtedly as much as, if not more spirit than, any in the world, are not ashamed of flinching, in the most disgraceful manner, from *work* under fire. . . . I had an opportunity of pointing out to Lord Wellington one day a French and English working-party, each excavating a trench: while the French shovels were going on as merrily as possible, we saw, in an equal space, at long intervals, a single English shovelful make its appearance. We could not get a dozen gabions filled in one day. Our musketry-fire, kept up by the covering-parties of whomsoever they might happen to be composed, was noisy, wasteful, and ineffective; while the French kept a small number of steady men, who fired

well, and never but at a fair object. Every gabion we placed at the full sap had ten or twenty shots through it, and an extraordinary number of our foolish firing-parties were shot through the head by one unobserved Frenchman, while their attention was purposely engaged by another.

Retreating with the army after this repulse to the frontiers of Portugal, and advancing again with it in the spring of 1813, Burgoyne, now Lieut.-Colonel, witnessed the battle of Vittoria — where he had a horse disabled under him — and was subsequently employed in the siege of St. Sebastian. He was not, on that occasion, in chief command as engineer. That post was held by Sir Richard Fletcher; yet he appears to have suggested — though with his usual modesty — a plan of operations which, had it been followed, would have saved, in all probability, both time and bloodshed. Our readers will, we think, be interested by a brief account of this suggestion.

St. Sebastian stands on the left bank of the Urumea. The batteries designed to form the breaches in the town wall were erected on the right bank; and in order to reach the breaches when forced, the storming-parties must needs cross the stream, which could be done only at certain times of the tide. Meanwhile, for the double purpose of completing the investment and directing a flank fire upon the threatened point, parallels were drawn from the left bank of the river to the sea. It happened that while excavating the works on this side, Lieutenant Reid of the Engineers fell upon a drain. It was large enough to get into, and with much difficulty and perseverance he went completely through (240 yards), to where it ended in a fastened door opposite the face of the right demi-bastion of the hornwork; and then, through chinks in the door, he was enabled to look. Referring to this discovery, Colonel Burgoyne, in his remarks on the siege, written, be it observed, the day after the first unsuccessful assault, says: —

On the discovery of the drain of the aqueduct leading to the ditch of the hornwork, I should have recommended immediately altering the project of attack, as I think the advantages it would give us would convert a very dangerous assault, and one liable to a great loss of lives, into an attack of comparative certainty, and probably trifling loss, but with a delay of probably three or four days. I would make a globe of compression to blow in the counterscarp and crest of the glacis. Then at low water, I would threaten the attack on the breaches, and explode the mine, and really

assault the hornwork, which, not being now threatened, has but a few people in it, and would, undoubtedly, be carried easily; the sally-port in the curtain would afford a good communication into the ditch, which gives a large space of perfect cover to the troops for retaining it. This might be done in the evening, at five or six o'clock, being the time of low water, and the night employed in making good lodgments within it, commencing breaching-batteries in its *terre-plain* and crest of the glacis of the breaches, against the front of the body of the place, and communications to the parallel.

Burgoyne's advice was not acted upon. The breaches had been rendered practicable when the drain was discovered, and time was precious. Hence that which ought to have been the main attack was used only to create a diversion; and the assault failing, there could be no return to a device of which the secret was discovered. Not one word of all this got abroad at the time; indeed it is only now, sixty years after the event, that so remarkable a proof of the sagacity of the journalist comes to light.

The abdication of Napoleon in the spring of 1814, by restoring peace to Europe, left the English Government free to turn its undisturbed attention to the other side of the Atlantic; and a resolution was arrived at to embark a considerable portion of the Peninsular army at Bordeaux, and to send it under the command of Lord Hill, to settle accounts with the Americans. To Colonel Burgoyne the offer was made of accompanying this force as Chief Engineer, a proposal with which he immediately closed. But circumstances arose which induced the Government to abandon this project, and to despatch only two weak corps, — one to reinforce Sir L. George Prevost in Canada; the other, a single brigade, to make a diversion in the Chesapeake, and by-and-by to form part of the force which was to attack New Orleans. In consequence of this change of plan Burgoyne returned, by way of Paris, to England. On the first of July he reached London, whence, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he proceeded on a visit to the Oaks and to Knowsley. From this latter place he was recalled early in August by a letter from Lord Hill, to whom again the American command seems to have been offered. But again the apprehension of troubles nearer home interposed to disturb the arrangement; and it was finally settled that Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham should go out at the head of a handful of troops, which, when joined by

the various detachments already operating along the coast of America, would raise his entire force to about 7000 men. With this command Burgoyne was directed to embark; and in the *Statira* frigate he sailed on the 1st of November, from Spithead — Sir Edward Pakenham, General Gibbs, and Colonel Dickson, R. A., being his fellow passengers.

Of the ill-arranged and worse conducted campaign before New Orleans we need not here stop to give any account. Colonel Wrottesley has placed the affair in its true light, when he says "it would be difficult in the whole range of English military enterprise to find a more injudicious operation." But the enterprise was more than injudicious in a military point of view. There were strong political reasons why England should have shown at that time as much favour as the laws of war would allow to the Southern States, the interruption of whose commerce was becoming so intolerable that they already talked of seceding from the Union. Just at that moment Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, who commanded on the station, made such representations to the Government at home as induced them to strike a blow which, besides bringing discredit on the arms of England, entirely changed the current of public feeling in America. With all that, however, we have for the present little concern; the enterprise, impolitic and unwise as it was, ought not to have failed. All the American works on the left bank of the Mississippi were carried, and General Jackson had given orders for evacuating the town, when a council of war, over which Sir John Lambert presided, came to the conclusion that the attack should not be renewed. We now find that in this council, of which he was a member, Burgoyne urged a renewal of the attack. He was overruled; and because he crossed the river and directed the movement in retreat, he lay for years under the scandal of having advised the very course which he had condemned. Such was the man! Such his modesty!! Such his loyalty!!!

It would be a true saying by whomsoever uttered, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Burgoyne had served in Portugal, Spain, and France, through six years of unceasing warfare. In every battle that was fought he was present; in every siege he took a prominent part. He was absent in America when the Order of the Bath was remodelled, and the honours which were conferred on men of far inferior

merits passed him by. He arrived in England after all the arrangements for the army in the Netherlands were completed. He lost by these means his chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo, and of commanding the Engineers, which his army rank must have insured to him. We would not appear to insinuate anything against the professional character of Sir Carmichael Smith. He was a brave soldier and an excellent engineer, but he lacked the experience of war which a life spent in the field had given to Burgoyne; and possibly, had the latter been in command during the night of the 17th of June, the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte would have been put in such a state of defence as to resist all the efforts of the French to occupy it. Be this, however, as it may, Burgoyne's absence from that great battle proved, in more respects than one, very mortifying to him. He returned with the Army of Occupation, the wearer of four gold medals, yet favoured with no higher decoration than that of C.B., which he never wore, nor on any subsequent occasion included among the honours bestowed upon him on account of services performed.

From 1818 to 1821, Colonel Burgoyne was left without active employment. As idle men are apt to do, he fell in love, and in September 1819 married Miss Charlotte Rose, the daughter of Colonel Rose of Holme. His first home command was at Chatham, where he remained till 1826, when Mr. Canning's expedition to Portugal being determined upon, he was attached to it as Commanding Engineer. His letters from the old familiar scenes of other and more stormy days will well repay perusal. We must, however, pass them by, as well as his brief career as chief of his department at Portsmouth, in order that we may devote a sentence or two to a sketch of his sayings and doings while acting as Chairman of the Board of Works in Ireland.

On the first of April 1831, Burgoyne received from Lord Stanley, then chief Secretary for Ireland in Earl Grey's Administration, a letter offering him the post of President of a board about to be created in Dublin, which was to be called the Board of Works, and was to take upon itself all the duties heretofore distributed among five separate boards. The business of this Board was to disburse the sums granted for Irish purposes out of the Consolidated Fund, and to reinvest for the benefit of Ireland such portions of the loan as might from time to time be repaid.

Without entering into details, it may suffice to state that Burgoyne accepted the trust; that he threw himself heart and soul into the duties of his office; and that he acquired the confidence, not only of the Government he served, but of all classes of the people for whose benefit he laboured.

The duties in which he was engaged led naturally to his taking wide views of the condition of Ireland, and of the remedies that ought to be adopted in order to improve it. These views, while first impressions were still strong upon him, he set forth in a series of letters, which were collected, printed, and published as a pamphlet. No pamphlet, especially if it be anonymous, commands public attention, be its excellences what they may; and Colonel Burgoyne's *brochure* of 1831 fell dead from the press. Yet we read it now with admiration at the just appreciation by the writer both of the causes and nature of the evils which he describes, even when we differ from him in regard to some of the measures which he suggests as remedial. We are still of opinion, for example, that in abolishing the Established Church, and passing such a land law as that of 1871, Mr. Gladstone made a mistake; on the other hand, his proposal, a little later, ere yet the railway system had been introduced into Ireland, that the Government should at once determine the direction of lines in that country and undertake their management, was worthy of all acceptance. Unfortunately Sir Robert Peel could not be brought to see that if private enterprise be scarcely equal to such an undertaking in a country rich, orderly, and law-observing like England, it must utterly fail where law has no force, and the great bulk of the people are poor. The consequence was, that bills brought into Parliament for the purpose of starting the arrangement, one after another fell through; and the results are thus shown by Dr. Hancock, the head of the statistical department, in his notes for 1866:—

There are at present in Ireland three railways bankrupt, two at a stand-still, two paying 4 1-2 dividend on the ordinary shares, six paying no dividend on preference stocks, seven whose dividends are less than those paid on Government bonds, six paying dividends less than that of commercial interest, and but one (the Dublin and Kingstown) the shares of which are above par.

Besides advising on these local subjects, Burgoyne was consulted by the Commission, of which the Duke of Rich-



mond was president, "upon inquiring into the practicability of consolidating the civil branches of the army." We confess to some surprise at finding him favourable to a policy which his great master, the Duke of Wellington, utterly condemned. At the same time, it is just to state that the Minister of War, whom he desired to see in office, and combining in his own person the authority of Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Master-General of the Ordnance, was one to be selected, if possible, from among those who had served with reputation in the army — such as the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Murray, or Sir Henry Hardinge. Even subject to these restrictions, it may be doubted whether, in a constitutional country like this, it is possible to administer in perpetuity the complicated affairs of the army as they ought to be administered, through a single Secretary of State — liable at any moment to be turned out of office when his party shall cease to command a majority in the House of Commons. Time and events have, however, brought about the issue to which Burgoyne pointed; and we are bound to add, that whatever his predecessors may have done, or his successors may do, Mr. Cardwell has shown himself both able and willing to contend against great difficulties, and to surmount not a few of them.

The brevet which came out at the Coronation in 1838, raised Colonel Burgoyne to the rank of major-general. This promotion was immediately followed by his advancement to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath — a tardy acknowledgment of services more important and varied by far than those which had already gained for not a few of his juniors a similar distinction. By-and-by a still more satisfactory recognition of his merits came to him, in his appointment to the highest office — that of Inspector-General of Fortifications — which an engineer officer was in those days allowed to hold. Colonel Wrottesley thus speaks of the incident: —

When Sir John Burgoyne assumed the duties of Inspector-General of Fortifications, in 1845, he had just completed his sixty-third year; he had therefore passed, by three years, the age at which it has been since proposed to place all officers of the army and navy on the compulsory retired list. It is a proof of unusual vigour of mind and body, that the period of his greatest usefulness to the State, and of the services by which he will be best known to

posterity, commenced at this time, and continued for twenty-three years afterwards. It must be admitted, however, that his constitution was exceptionally hardy. No amount of labour, physical or mental, appeared to fatigue him permanently. At this period he was still fond of field-sports, was an excellent shot, and for many years afterwards would join in his favourite game of rackets.

We recommend our readers not to pass lightly over the three chapters which tell the tale of Sir John's official life as Inspector-General of Fortifications. These show how he turned his attention to every point connected with the defences of the country, and the improvement of its armament. Block-ships or floating batteries were all the rage in 1845. He drew up a memorandum, pointing out their disadvantages, which, however, failed of its object at the moment. The experiment was tried, at considerable expense; it justified all that he had predicted concerning it, and was by-and-by abandoned. He took the lead at the same time in the introduction of systematic instruction in the use of the musket, and in judging of distances by soldiers. His paper, dated 2d Nov. 1845, "On the possible results of a war with France under our present system of military preparation," is not only a masterly production in itself, but is remarkable for having produced two important results. It converted Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to the views of the writer; and it drew from the Duke of Wellington his famous letter, the surreptitious publication of which, just a year after it was written, created something like a panic among the more timid, and stirred Mr. Cobden, and the whole body of "peace-at-any-price" statesmen, to the utterance of an enormous amount of unmitigated nonsense. Colonel Wrottesley has, in justice to his father-in-law, given a detailed account of this affair, which is curious for more reasons than one. But the Government was not content to leave their indefatigable public servant quietly to discharge his proper duties. The Irish Famine occurred, and he was immediately requested to become president of a board through which the funds voted by Parliament for the relief of the distress of the country should be administered. He accepted the post, proceeded to Ireland, and did excellent service; — and obtained as his reward numerous expressions of gratitude, but neither pecuniary nor honorary remuneration. All this, with much more, which will repay perusal, we leave the reader to

gather from the pages of the work itself, while we hurry to more stirring matters—the war in the Crimea, and the part which Sir John Burgoyne played in it.

"The commencement of 1854," says Col. Wrottesley, "found war with Russia imminent, and Sir John Burgoyne in close and confidential communication with the Government of Lord Aberdeen." Two papers, sent in by him to the Cabinet, recommended a double course of action. First, to occupy the Dardanelles as a base of operations for the fleet; and next, having thus made Constantinople safe, to take the field against the Russians in Georgia. In pursuance of the former project, Colonel Vicars was despatched to survey and report upon the country near the Turkish capital. But Colonel Vicars was seized with paralysis soon after he had embarked, and Sir John volunteered himself to execute the service. He was then, be it remembered, seventy-two years of age. But mind and body were both vigorous to an extent rarely met with at these years; and gratefully, and with many compliments for the chivalry of the proposal, his offer was accepted. We will not do either him or our readers the injustice to attempt an abridgment of the graphic account which he gives of the incidents of that excursion. Let it suffice to state that he lost no time in setting out; that he took Paris by the way, where he was admitted to confidential communication with the Emperor; that the opinions which he expressed produced a strong effect both on the Emperor and his Ministers; and that the French Government, which would appear thus far to have hung back, entered warmly into the views of that of England. From all this it would appear, that with whomsoever the blame rests of having brought on a quarrel between Russia and the Allies, Napoleon is not chargeable, as the world has heretofore imagined, for pushing matters to an extremity. His idea seems to have gone no further than a co-operation of the fleets of the two powers with Turkey. It was the English Cabinet which insisted on a joint expedition by land, and prevailed. "You will be happy to learn," writes Lord Cowley to Sir John, on the 8th of February, "that your visit to Paris has produced a visible change in the Emperor's views, and he is making every preparation for a land expedition, in case the last attempt at negotiation should break down, as it infallibly will."

Accompanied by Colonel Ardant, of the French Engineers, and attended by

Colonel (then Captain) Wrottesley, and Captain Wellesley, Lord Cowley's son, as aides-de-camp, Sir John quitted Paris on the 31st of January, and, touching at Malta, where the French officer was treated with the greatest respect and kindness, arrived on the 12th of February at Gallipoli. Mrs. Wrottesley, then Miss Burgoyne, made one of the party—which, after settling where the lines should be drawn, passed on to Varna; and from thence to Omar Pasha's headquarters at Shumla. All that Sir John saw and heard only confirmed him in the opinion which he had already expressed as to the plan of campaign to be acted upon, though Omar Pasha advocated a descent on the Crimea, which he described as occupied only by about 20,000 Russian troops, and to be exceedingly defensible if once reduced.

Returning to London, Sir John made his report, which, with a paper subsequently written, in order to guard against misapprehension, is published, and will be read with great interest. And now, as it seemed, there were two courses, and only two, for the Government to follow. They had deprived the Ordnance Office of its Master-General, by appointing Lord Raglan to command the Army in the East. The post of Lieut.-General of the Ordnance Office had, in a fit of false economy, been abolished. It was competent to those in power either to confer that dignity, which circumstances constrained them to recreate, on Sir John, or they might attach him to the field force as a lieut.-general of the Staff. They did neither. They appointed to be temporary head of the Ordnance Office Sir Hugh Rose, a very gallant veteran, who was, however, Burgoyne's junior in army-rank. Sir Hugh had had, moreover, no experience whatever of the working of the department; yet they left Burgoyne Inspector-General of Fortifications, and therefore the subordinate of the new Lieut.-General, whom, as a soldier, he ought to have commanded. No wonder that Burgoyne, patient as he was of slight, should have felt this deeply. Nor did the mode adopted to soothe his outraged feelings redound, more than the act itself, to the credit of the Government. When a despatch arrived from Varna, containing a plan of the proposed invasion of the Crimea, Sir James Graham sent to Sir John, requesting him to make his remarks upon it. This Sir John did. He disapproved of the proposed landing at the mouth of the Belbec—within sight,

so to speak, of Sebastopol. He was equally opposed to an attempt of the kind on the Katcha — that point being also, in his opinion, too near the enemy. What was to be done? The Duke of Newcastle sent for Sir John, and put the question to him whether he would be willing to join the army and give to Lord Raglan the benefit of his experience? Without a moment's hesitation the noble veteran assented to the proposition. But see what followed. No public recognition was made of the position which he was to hold in the field force. He was not gazetted to the Staff of the army.\* He went out without any military position at all, and whether any such position was subsequently assigned to him is to this hour uncertain. Why was this done? Because, had he been placed on the Staff of the army, he must have taken rank as second in command; and in event of anything befalling Lord Raglan, the command would have devolved upon him!! Such, in those days, was the pitiful jealousy of officers of what were called the scientific corps. They might be very able men, excellent advisers, extremely useful in their way, but they must never take the lead of their brother officers reared in the infantry and cavalry, in whom all the genius for war on a great scale was assumed to have centred. We have, it is to be hoped, broken the neck of this most mistaken prejudice. One general officer trained in the Engineers conducted the expedition to Abyssinia, and now commands in chief in India; and other officers there are, both of the Engineers and Artillery, whom no Government, in the event of war, will venture to keep back.

Sir John's letters, journal, and memoranda, during the progress of the operations that followed, are a study for officers of all ranks. While passing from Marseilles to the Piræus, he amused himself with drawing up a plan of campaign in the Crimea, towards which, through the sheer force of popular clamour and newspaper articles, the tide of war was already directed to be turned. It is curious to notice how very slightly the principles there laid down by anticipation were, in the conduct of the enterprise, departed from. The writer, assuming the Allies to be victorious in a

preliminary battle, pronounces in favour of the establishment of a base for siege operations at Balaclava and the bays on each side of the Chersonese. He selects Eupatoria as the place of debarkation, and the point on which, in case of a reverse in the field, the Allies should retreat. Both suggestions were acted upon, and both are now said to have been wise. But on his arrival at Varna he found the army decimated by sickness, many both of officers and men having died, and a much larger number being still down or slowly recovering. There was great gloom in consequence everywhere, which the reports that came in from day to day of the enemy's strength and preparations did not tend to remove. "Captain Drummond of the Retribution," writes Admiral Dacres on the 28th of August, "has just arrived from Odessa; reports that 140,000 men are in the Crimea; 40,000 marched from Odessa to the Crimea lately." These incidents had their natural effect upon a man so experienced in war as Sir John; and one of his memoranda — the first which he seems to have written after reaching head-quarters — gives reasons why, under the circumstances, an attack on Sebastopol at that time could be considered only as "a most desperate undertaking." But the die was cast; the enterprise must be entered upon; and he applied his best energies to the arrangement of a plan for meeting every possible difficulty and surmounting it. Not the least formidable of these was the disinclination of the French to the whole service, and their eagerness when the matter was decided, to force a landing at the wrong place. These were surmounted as much by tact as the force of argument; and the allied armies embarked.

The story of the reconnaissance by the Caradoc frigate of the whole coast, from Sebastopol to Eupatoria, is simply and modestly told; so is the account of the landing, the movement upon the Alma, and the battle. In justice to the gallant fellows who fought it, we transcribe the terms in which Sir John — no mean nor prejudiced authority in such cases — speaks of them and their doings: —

The enemy certainly fought gallantly against superior numbers, and our superior position in attack; but I must say, that our attack was of a very superior order in tactics, in steadiness, regularity, precision, and spirit. The contest was at times becoming very close and resolute, but nearly in all — certainly in all of importance — the enemy were forced to turn; every-

\* It is not made quite clear whether, at a later stage in the war, Sir John was or was not placed upon the Staff of the army. A letter from Lord Hardinge seems to imply that he was about to be so placed; but we do not find any confirmation of the fact itself.

thing was under view; the sight was magnificent. I am told the few Frenchmen who witnessed our attack were in raptures.

The following gives a most attractive picture of this brave old man, and his state both of body and mind:—

Stafford (one of his aides-de-camp) is a very fine fellow, but too anxious to take care of me—always on the look-out to prevent my remaining at any point that happened to be a peculiar focus of fire. My grey horse (lent me by General Tyldon on account of extreme quietness, almost unpleasantly sleepy and lazy) all on a sudden, just as we passed a place on which was a very smart fire, commenced prancing and pulling, and became so fidgety that, after a time, I changed with Stafford. It was after dark when we got to camp, having been twelve hours on our horses; and this morning we find a musket-shot had grazed the skin off one of his hind legs, and it is somewhat swelled, but, I hope, will not lame him.

We are all in high spirits at present appearances, and certainly the result, if it turns out as we expect, will show that we have highly over-estimated the Russian military power, otherwise the Emperor would never have left this primary substance of his power, Sebastopol, and the fleet, so meanly protected, after so long a warning of our proposed formidable attack. If we succeed in this final object, our Government, and that of the French, may fairly dictate their terms as to a very inferior state. But it was a lottery whether they would be strong or weak—it was a matter of chance and, as I think, the chances were greatly against us. The greater ought our rejoicing to be in finding it otherwise.

Maguire [his servant, a pensioner from the cavalry] has throughout our marches accompanied me on horseback, which is useful, as it gives me a spare horse. He carries something to eat and drink, holds my horse when I dismount, and being an old soldier, does not quit one under fire, as a civil servant probably would. Yesterday, at the very awkward place where my horse was hit, as well as three or four of the Staff and their horses, Maguire dropped his hat, and was obliged to ride back, dismount, and pick it up.

Poor Maguire, it seems, lost his way when returning from Balaclava during one of the most inclement nights of the winter, after the siege had been formed, got frost-bitten, and died. Writing a few days before this sad accident to his wife, he says:—

You want me to wright every mail; but having to lay on the wet ground with only Robert's greatcoat and a blanket, in frost, sleet, and snow, and rain, you cannot expect me to wright every mail. Should aney thing hapen to me, you may depend Sir John would let you know. I would rather stand on the heights of Sebastopol till I was frozen into a

pillar of ice, than I would ask to leave him; and if I had a chance to leave to-morrow, I would not go until the Bear was musseled.

The limits which are at our command will not admit of our giving any details, however brief, of the siege of Sebastopol; nor is this necessary. The volumes now before us must, we venture to predict, pass into many hands; and no one after reading them will entertain the shadow of a doubt on points heretofore but partially understood. It is clear that the flank march, though censured by Russian writers as a blunder, was the right thing. Doubtless the pursuit after the victory of the Alma was languid. But we must not forget, first, that the British army landed without any means of transport whatever; and next, that only the British, not the French contingent, was under Lord Raglan's orders. As to carrying the place by *coup-de-main* immediately on arriving at the south side of the town, of that we shall probably hear no more. Looking to the state of preparation at which the Russians had arrived, and the strength of the garrison, an attempt of the sort would have been madness. But this much we do know, that never did a British army enter upon a great enterprise so ill-supplied; and that the hardships which the troops underwent, and the unlooked-for prolongation of the siege, are almost entirely attributable to the absence of system and order among the home authorities.

No doubt the leaders of the army of the Crimea were without experience. If we except Lord Raglan himself, Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir George Cathcart, not a general or regimental officer of all that landed at Eupatoria had ever, besides Sir John Burgoyne, seen war. But what they might lack in knowledge they made up in gallantry and endurance; and of the non-commissioned officers and men it is impossible to speak too highly. They could not, however, work impossibilities; and a blundering Government, to save itself, threw the blame on men, than whom none ever more faithfully served their country, or suffered more in so doing.

Another matter Sir John's correspondence puts in a new light. Of all the misfortunes that can fall upon an army in the field, scarcely any is more to be deprecated than the presence within its lines of newspaper correspondents—

Some of the newspaper correspondents, [he writes on the 4th of January 1855], are

likely to do us an immensity of mischief; publicly by the information afforded to the enemy, and privately by damaging all our reputations, and, as I think, unfairly and unnecessarily. In Mr. —'s letter, published in the — of the 18th of December, will be found a quantity of details that will afford most valuable information to the enemy at the present moment, when it could have been easily communicated to him from St. Petersburg—the weakness of our forces, the fatigues to which they are subject, the sickness, the imperfect supply of rations, want of transport, impossibility of getting up guns, ammunition, &c., &c. He will gain a confidence that will be most injurious to us, and can prepare himself for greater efforts to resist us. Is that of less consequence than that the curiosity of the public should be satisfied on those points? For to argue that it is necessary to stimulate the Government to adopt proper measures is most erroneous, since nobody can be more aware of what we really do require, or what can be effected, than we are ourselves, or more constant in making our demands. . . . I consider this a most serious evil in the way of our operations; and I have pointed out to Lord Raglan that he ought to put it forward as one great increase to the difficulties of his position,—and he will do so."

He did so—but what then? The Government of 1855 did not dare to interfere. What Government will hereafter put itself in antagonism with the press?

Again, 28th December 1854:—

Don't you feel a little small in your own conceits about me, after reading some recent articles in the "Times," in which my name has been mixed up with—

"That he's as bad as bad can be,  
And I am quite as bad as he?"

Among some insinuations, one direct attack is: "We do not desire to have generals in command above 70 years of age." They are right in desiring to have *qualified* generals before they have descended much from the prime of life; but I think that Lord Raglan, the hero of the day, is very close upon that age, as well as Sir George Brown, to whom, I presume, they would not object; and though I ought not, perhaps, to be one to say it, after a peace of nearly forty years, a little of the *experience* of the former wars is very necessary at starting on a new one. The old gentlemen here, for instance, can set the young ones right in many essential matters, which the latter cannot know by inspiration, and which *our* army have little means of learning during peace. A little experience with young blood is decidedly what would be best; and as the war becomes prolonged, the younger ought to supersede the older in commanding in the field: but for the present you ought to bear a little with the old ones.

We must hurry over what remains to

be told of this deeply interesting narrative. Sir John had from the first urged the allied generals to make the main attack on the Malakoff tower. The French objected; and the approaches to the Redan and the Flagstaff were pushed forward. Sir John was continually in favour of aggressive operations—of driving the Russians from the posts when they took up in front of the trenches, and teaching them to stand in awe of the Allies. His views were not appreciated either by French or English generals, and the attitude of the men was therefore entirely defensive. This came to be particularly the case after the battle of Inkerman; and in his letters home Sir John greatly laments it. But worse things were in store for him. The country became impatient. In Parliament, the Ministers were assailed. It was necessary to choose a victim from among the chiefs of the army, and the lot fell upon Sir John. On the 13th of October 1854, Sir James Graham had written to him in these terms:—

You may imagine, but you cannot exaggerate the anxiety with which I have watched your movements and splendid successes in the Crimea. I am more and more rejoiced that you gallantly determined to go out at a short notice and take a post under the standard of our friend, Lord Raglan. We have not yet heard of the fall of Sebastopol; but I venture with confidence to anticipate that proud result, which has been the grand object of my constant hopes since the first commencement of the war.

Sebastopol did not fall in 1854. It continued to hold out in 1855; and Ministers being asked, in a taunting tone, what they had done to hurry forward the consummation, Sir James Graham, speaking for himself and his colleagues, replied: "What have we done? We have recalled Sir John Burgoyne."

Comment on this proceeding would be out of place. The very men who committed the gross injustice soon became ashamed of it. Sir John, without one word of remonstrance, without uttering a single complaint even privately to those who had wronged him, far less appealing, as others probably would have done, to the tribunal of the public in vindication of his own honour, quitted the camp amid the deep regret of his brother officers. But the tide had already turned in his favour before he reached London. He was sent for immediately to attend and advise at councils of war, which were held at Windsor, and in which the Emperor Na-



pooleon took part. On the 15th of August, after the failure on the 18th of June, he sent in to Lord Panmure, then Secretary of State for War, a memorandum, in reply to communications from the seat of war, pointing, as it would seem, to the abandonment of the enterprise. Whether that paper had any effect in deciding the question there is nothing to show. This, however, is certain, the siege was not raised, the final assault was delivered, and Sebastopol fell through the very point on which Sir John had all along contended that it was most vulnerable.

If the brave old man passed for a brief space under a cloud, his sun broke through it again, and shone over him with increased lustre. Little by little his merits came to light, and honours and rewards were showered on him. He was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal. He was created a Baronet. On the death of Lord Combermere, her Majesty conferred on him the post of Constable of the Tower. He resigned his office of Inspector-General of Fortifications, but retained the full pay of the dignity for life. As we have elsewhere stated, all soldiers of eminence, whether English or foreign, courted his correspondence and sought his advice. He took a deep interest in everything that passed around him—dabbling in literature, contributing to scientific journals, forwarding benevolent projects, especially when they connected themselves with the army. No man ever commanded more universal respect and esteem, and no man ever more deserved to command them. His health likewise continued excellent, and his spirits were those of a boy. Just then there fell upon him a blow, against which he could not contend. His only son—an officer of rare excellence—went down in the Captain, of which he was in command, and Sir John never held up his head again.

He was buried in the chapel of the Tower with military honours. Two funeral sermons were subsequently preached—one in the Tower itself, the other in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Colonel Wrottesley has appended to his narrative a portion of the latter, for which the writer of this article is responsible. It was the outpouring of the feelings of a friend, who thought only of his friend while he was speaking, and was listened to by almost every English officer then in London. Perhaps we cannot better close our notice of the man, than by quoting a few sentences from this tribute to his memory—not, as Colonel Wrottesley expresses

it, because of its praise, but of its truth:—

Sir John Burgoyne was a religious man, but his religion was without ostentation or parade. He found no vent for it in platform oratory, it carried him into no arena where party questions were discussed. The influence of religion upon him made itself mainly known in a life blameless and pure—a life so pure, so blameless, that, looking to the particular channel through which its course lay, I find myself unable to point to any other with which it may fitly be compared. Bear with me, if, in so expressing myself, I seem to go beyond the limits of pulpit oratory. I am no chance preacher, no hired advocate called in to paint, in exaggerated terms, the character of one who was to him, while living, a comparative stranger. I saw Sir John Burgoyne for the first time when, with his glass, he swept the breaches of St. Sebastian, in order that they who filled the trenches might be instructed how best to move to the assault; and from that day to the hour of his death, our personal knowledge of each other, though less than either could have wished, bringing us into daily contact, has suffered no interruption. Therefore am I justified in speaking of him as of a man rarely to be found in any rank or station—brave, able, intelligent, upright, a humble Christian, a modest citizen, one who could bear no malice were he ever so deeply wronged, who would not bring reproach upon another, no, not if even by so doing he might avert unmerited obloquy from himself. There was one public occasion, I need not stay specially to point it out, when this rare exercise of Christian forbearance was exacted from him. It was a heavy burden to bear, but he bore it without so much as a remonstrance; and he lived long enough, God be praised, to reap his reward.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

### CHAPTER III.

NOTHING could be simpler than the apartment of the Vicomte de Mauléon, in the second story of a quiet old-fashioned street. It had been furnished at small cost out of his savings. Yet, on the whole, it evinced the good taste of a man who had once been among the exquisites of the polite world.

You felt that you were in the apartment of a gentleman, and a gentleman of somewhat severe tastes, and of sober matured years. He was sitting the next morning in the room which he used as a private study. Along the walls were arranged

dwarf bookcases, as yet occupied by few books, most of them books of reference, others cheap editions of the French classics in prose — no poets, no romance-writers — with a few Latin authors also in prose — Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus. He was engaged at his desk writing — a book with its leaves open before him, "Paul Louis Courier," that model of political irony and masculine style of composition. There was a ring at his door-bell. The Vicomte kept no servant. He rose and answered the summons. He recoiled a few paces on recognizing his visitor in M. Hennequin.

The *Préfet* this time did not withdraw his hand; he extended it, but it was with a certain awkwardness and timidity.

"I thought it my duty to call on you, Vicomte, thus early, having already seen M. Enguerrand de Vandemar. He has shown me the copies of the *pièces* which were inspected by your distinguished kinsmen, and which completely clear you of the charge that, grant me your pardon when I say, seemed to me still to remain unanswered when I had the honour to meet you last night."

"It appears to me, M. Hennequin, that you, as an *avocat* so eminent, might have convinced yourself very readily of that fact."

"M. le Vicomte, I was in Switzerland with my wife at the time of the unfortunate affair in which you were involved."

"But when you returned to Paris, you might perhaps have deigned to make inquiries so affecting the honour of one you had called a friend, and for whom you had professed" — De Mauléon paused; he disdained to add — "an eternal gratitude."

Hennequin coloured slightly, but replied with self-possession.

"I certainly did inquire. I did hear that the charge against you with regard to the abstraction of the jewels was withdrawn — that you were therefore acquitted by law; but I heard also that society did not acquit you, and that, finding this, you had quitted France. Pardon me again, no one would listen to me when I attempted to speak on your behalf. But now that so many years have elapsed, that the story is imperfectly remembered — that relations so high-placed receive you so cordially, — now, I rejoice to think that you will have no difficulty in regaining a social position never really lost, but for a time resigned."

"I am duly sensible of the friendly joy you express. I was reading the other

day in a lively author some pleasant remarks on the effects of *médiance* or calumny upon our impressionable Parisian public. 'If,' says the writer, 'I found myself accused of having put the two towers of Notre Dame into my waistcoat-pocket, I should not dream of defending myself; I should take to flight. And,' adds the writer, 'if my best friend were under the same accusation, I should be so afraid of being considered his accomplice that I should put my best friend outside the door.' Perhaps, M. Hennequin, I was seized with the first alarm. Why should I blame you if seized with the second? Happily, this good city of Paris has its reactions. And you can now offer me your hand. Paris has by this time discovered that the two towers of Notre Dame are not in my pocket."

There was a pause. De Mauléon had resettled himself at his desk, bending over his papers, and his manner seemed to imply that he considered the conversation at an end.

But a pang of shame, of remorse, of tender remembrance, shot across the heart of the decorous, worldly, self-seeking man, who owed all that he now was to the *ci-devant vaurien* before him. Again he stretched forth his hand, and this time grasped De Mauléon's warmly. "Forgive me," he said, feelingly and hoarsely; "forgive me. I was to blame. By character, and perhaps by the necessities of my career, I am over-timid to public opinion, public scandal — forgive me. Say if in anything now I can requite, though but slightly, the service I owe you."

De Mauléon looked steadily at the *Préfet*, and said slowly, "Would you serve me in turn? are you sincere?"

The *Préfet* hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, "Yes."

"Well, then, what I ask of you is a frank opinion — not as lawyer, not as *Préfet*, but as a man who knows the present state of French society. Give that opinion without respect to my feelings one way or other. Let it emanate solely from your practised judgment."

"Be it so," said Hennequin, wondering what was to come.

De Mauléon resumed —

"As you may remember, during my former career I had no political ambition. I did not meddle with politics. In the troubled times that immediately succeeded the fall of Louis Philippe I was but an epicurean looker-on. Grant that, so far as admission to the *salons* are concerned,

I shall encounter no difficulty in regaining position. But as regards the Chamber, public life, a political career — can I have my fair opening under the Empire? You pause. Answer as you have promised, frankly."

"The difficulties in the way of a political career would be very great."

"Insuperable?"

"I fear so. Of course, in my capacity of *Préfet*, I have no small influence in my department in support of a Government candidate. But I do not think that the Imperial Government could, at this time especially, in which it must be very cautious in selecting its candidates, be induced to recommend you. The affair of the jewels would be raked up — your vindication disputed, denied — the fact that for so many years you have acquiesced in that charge without taking steps to refute it — your antecedents, even apart from that charge — your present want of property (M. Enguerrand tells me your income is but moderate) — the absence of all previous repute in public life. No; relinquish the idea of political contest — it would expose you to inevitable mortifications, to a failure that would even jeopardize the admission to the *salons* which you are now gaining. You could not be a Government candidate."

"Granted. I may have no desire to be one; but an opposition candidate, one of the Liberal party?"

"As an Imperialist," said Hennequin, smiling gravely, "and holding the office I do, it would not become me to encourage a candidate against the Emperor's Government. But speaking with the frankness you solicit, I should say that your chances there are infinitely worse. The opposition are in a pitiful minority — the most eminent of the Liberals can scarcely gain seats for themselves; great local popularity or property, high established repute for established patriotism, or proved talents of oratory and statesmanship, are essential qualifications for a seat in the opposition, and even these do not suffice for a third of the persons who possess them. Be again what you were before, the hero of *salons* remote from the turbulent vulgarity of politics."

"I am answered. Thank you once more. The service I rendered you once is requited now."

"No, indeed — no; but will you dine with me quietly to-day, and allow me to present to you my wife and two children, born since we parted? I say to-day, for to-morrow I return to my *Préfecture*."

"I am infinitely obliged by your invitation, but to-day I dine with the Count de Beauvilliers to meet some of the *Corps Diplomatique*. I must make good my place in the *salons*, since you so clearly show me that I have no chance of one in the Legislature — unless —"

"Unless what?"

"Unless there happen one of those revolutions in which the scum comes uppermost."

"No fear of that. The subterranean barracks and railway have ended forever the rise of the scum — the reign of the *canaille* and its barricades."

"Adieu, my dear Hennequin. My respectful *hommages à Madame*."

After that day the writings of Pierre Firmin in "*Le Sens Commun*," though still keeping within the pale of the law, became more decidedly hostile to the Imperial system, still without committing their author to any definite programme of the sort of government that should succeed it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE weeks glided on. Isaura's MS. had passed into print; it came out in the French fashion of *feuilletons* — a small detachment at a time. A previous flourish of trumpets by Savarin and the clique at his command insured it attention, if not from the general public, at least from critical and literary coteries. Before the fourth instalment appeared it had outgrown the patronage of the coteries; it seized hold of the public. It was not in the last school in fashion; incidents were not crowded and violent — they were few and simple, rather appertaining to an elder school, in which poetry of sentiment and grace of diction prevailed. That very resemblance to old favourites gave it the attraction of novelty. In a word, it excited a pleased admiration, and great curiosity was felt as to the authorship. When it oozed out that it was by the young lady whose future success in the musical world had been so sanguinely predicted by all who had heard her sing, the interest wonderfully increased. Petitions to be introduced to her acquaintance were showered upon Savarin; before she scarcely realized her dawning fame, she was drawn from her quiet home and retired habits; she was *fêlée* and courted in the literary circle of which Savarin was a chief. That circle touched, on one side, Bohemia; on the other, that realm of politer fashion which, in every intellectual metropolis, but especially in Paris, seeks

to gain borrowed light from luminaries in art and letters. But the very admiration she obtained somewhat depressed, somewhat troubled her; after all, it did not differ from that which was at her command as a singer.

On the one hand, she shrank instinctively from the caresses of female authors and the familiar greetings of male authors, who frankly lived in philosophical disdain of the conventions respected by sober, decorous mortals. On the other hand, in the civilities of those who, while they courted a rising celebrity, still held their habitual existence apart from the artistic world, there was a certain air of condescension, of patronage towards the young stranger with no other protector but Signora Venosta, the *ci-devant* public singer, and who had made her *début* in a journal edited by M. Gustave Rameau, which, however disguised by exaggerated terms of praise, wounded her pride of woman in flattering her vanity as author. Among this latter set were wealthy, high-born men, who addressed her as woman — as woman beautiful and young — with words of gallantry that implied love, but certainly no thought of marriage: many of the most ardent were indeed married already. But once launched into the thick of Parisian hospitalities, it was difficult to draw back. The Venosta wept at the thought of missing some lively *soirée*, and Savarin laughed at her shrinking fastidiousness as that of a child's ignorance of the world. But still she had her mornings to herself; and in those mornings, devoted to the continuance of her work (for the commencement was in print before a third was completed), she forgot the commonplace world that received her in the evenings. Insensibly to herself the tone of this work had changed as it proceeded. It had begun seriously, indeed, but in the seriousness there was a certain latent joy. It might be the joy of having found vent of utterance; it might be rather a joy still more latent, inspired by the remembrance of Graham's words and looks, and by the thought that she had renounced all idea of the professional career which he had evidently disapproved. Life then seemed to her a bright possession. We have seen that she had begun her *roman* without planning how it should end. She had, however, then meant it to end, somehow or other, happily. Now the lustre had gone from life — the tone of the work was saddened — it foreboded a tragic close. But for the general reader it became, with

every chapter, still more interesting; the poor child had a singularly musical gift of style — a music which lent itself naturally to pathos. Every very young writer knows how his work, if one of feeling, will colour itself from the views of some truth in his innermost self; and in proportion as it does so, how his absorption in the work increases, till it becomes part and parcel of his own mind and heart. The presence of a hidden sorrow may change the fate of the beings he has created, and guide to the grave those whom, in a happier vein, he would have united at the altar. It is not till a later stage of experience and art that the writer escapes from the influence of his individual personality, and lives in existences that take no colouring from his own. Genius usually must pass through the subjective process before it gains the objective. Even a Shakespeare represents himself in the Sonnets before no trace of himself is visible in a Falstaff or a Lear.

No news of the Englishman — not a word. Isaura could not but feel that in his words, his looks, that day in her own garden, and those yet happier days at Enghien, there had been more than friendship: there had been love — love enough to justify her own pride in whispering to herself, "And I love too." But then that last parting! how changed he was — how cold! She conjectured that jealousy of Rameau might, in some degree, account for the coldness when he first entered the room, but surely not when he left; surely not when she had overpassed the reserve of her sex, and implied by signs rarely misconstrued by those who love, that he had no cause for jealousy of another. Yet he had gone — parted with her pointedly as a friend, a mere friend. How foolish she had been to think this rich ambitious foreigner could ever have meant to be more! In the occupation of her work she thought to banish his image; but in that work the image was never absent; there were passages in which she pleadingly addressed it, and then would cease abruptly, stifled by passionate tears. Still she fancied that the work would reunite them; that in its pages he would hear her voice and comprehend her heart. And thus all praise of the work became very, very dear to her.

At last, after many weeks, Savarin heard from Graham. The letter was dated Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the Englishman said he might yet be some time detained. In the letter Graham spoke chiefly of the

new journal: in polite compliment of Savarin's own effusions; in mixed praise and condemnation of the political and social articles signed Pierre Firmin—praise of their intellectual power, condemnation of their moral cynicism. "The writer," he said, "reminds me of a passage in which Montesquieu compares the heathen philosophers to those plants which the earth produces in places that have never seen the heavens. The soil of his experience does not grow a single belief; and as no community can exist without a belief of some kind, so a politician without belief can but help to destroy; he cannot reconstruct. Such writers corrupt a society; they do not reform a system." He closed his letter with a reference to Isaura: "Do, in your reply, my dear Savarin, tell me something about your friends Signora Venosta and the Signorina, whose work, so far as yet published, I have read with admiring astonishment at the power of a female writer so young to rival the veteran practitioners of fiction in the creation of interest in imaginary characters, and in sentiments which, if they appear somewhat over-romantic and exaggerated, still touch very fine chords in human nature not awakened in our trite everyday existence. I presume that the beauty of the *roman* has been duly appreciated by a public so refined as the Parisian, and that the name of the author is generally known. No doubt she is now much the rage of the literary circles, and her career as a writer may be considered fixed. Pray present my congratulations to the Signorina when you see her."

Savarin had been in receipt of this letter some days before he called on Isaura, and carelessly showed it to her. She took it to the window to read, in order to conceal the trembling of her hands. In a few minutes she returned it silently.

"Those Englishmen," said Savarin, "have not the art of compliment. I am by no means flattered by what he says of my trifles, and I daresay you are still less pleased with this chilly praise of your charming tale; but the man means to be civil."

"Certainly," said Isaura, smiling faintly.

"Only think of Rameau," resumed Savarin; "on the strength of his salary in the '*Sens Commun*,' and on the *châteaux en Espagne* which he constructs thereon—he has already furnished an apartment in the Chaussée d'Antin, and talks of setting up a *coupé* in order to maintain the

dignity of letters when he goes to dine with the duchesses who are some day or other to invite him. Yet I admire his self-confidence, though I laugh at it. A man gets on by a spring in his own mechanism, and he should always keep it wound up. Rameau will make a figure. I used to pity him. I begin to respect; nothing succeeds like success. But I see I am spoiling your morning. *Au revoir, mon enfant.*"

Left alone, Isaura brooded in a sort of mournful wonderment over the words referring to herself in Graham's letter. Read though but once, she knew them by heart. What! did he consider those characters she had represented, as wholly imaginary? In one—the most prominent, the most attractive—could he detect no likeness to himself? What! did he consider so "over-romantic and exaggerated"—sentiments which couched appeals from her heart to his? Alas! in matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of us men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go,—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious, if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airest of trifles; the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course, much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. But granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idio-



syncrasy in genius which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosyncrasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakespeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman-part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that "monster," I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, nowadays generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of *Clarissa Harlowe*. I say all this in vindication of Graham Vane, if, though a very clever man in his way, and by no means uninstructed in human nature, he had utterly failed in comprehending the mysteries which to this poor woman-child seemed to need no key for one who really loved her. But we have said somewhere before in this book that music speaks in a language which cannot explain itself except in music. So speaks, in the human heart, much which is akin to music. Fiction (that is, poetry, whether in form of rhyme or prose) speaks thus pretty often. A reader must be more commonplace than, I trust, my gentle readers are, if he suppose that when Isaura symbolized the real hero of her thoughts in the fabled hero of her romance, she depicted him as one of whom the world could say, "That is Graham Vane." I doubt if even a male poet would so vulgarize any woman whom he thoroughly revered and loved. She is too sacred to him to be thus unveiled to the public stare; as the sweetest of all ancient love-poets says well —

*Qui sapit in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.*

But a girl, a girl in her first untold timid love, to let the world know, "*that* is the man I love and would die for!" — if such a girl be, she has no touch of the true woman-genius, and certainly she and Isaura have nothing in common. Well, then, in Isaura's invented hero, though she saw the archetypal form of Graham Vane — saw him as in her young, vague, romantic dreams, idealized, beautified, transfigured — he would have been the vainest of men if he had seen therein the reflection of himself. On the contrary, he said, in the spirit of that jealousy to which he was too prone, "Alas! this, then, is some

ideal, already seen perhaps, compared to which how commonplace am I!" and thus persuading himself, no wonder that the sentiments surrounding this unrecognized archetype appeared to him over-romantic. His taste acknowledged the beauty of form which clothed them; his heart envied the ideal that inspired them. But they seemed so remote from him; they put the dream-land of the writer farther and farther from his work-day real life.

In this frame of mind, then, he had written to Savarin, and the answer he received hardened it still more. Savarin had replied, as was his laudable wont in correspondence, the very day he received Graham's letter, and therefore before he had even seen Isaura. In his reply, he spoke much of the success her work had obtained; of the invitations showered upon her, and the sensation she caused in the *salons*; of her future career, with hope that she might even rival Madame de Grantmesnil some day, when her ideas became emboldened by maturer experience, and a closer study of that model of eloquent style, — saying that the young editor was evidently becoming enamoured of his fair contributor; and that Madame Savarin had ventured the prediction that the Signorina's *roman* would end in the death of the heroine, and the marriage of the writer.

From Good Words.

#### THE COLLIERS OF CARRICK.

COMPARATIVELY few of the many hundreds of tourists who flock every summer to that part of Scotland which the guide-books have styled "*The Land of Burns*" find their way farther south than "*Allo-way's auld haunted kirk*" and the famous "*brig*" which lay so opportunely in Tam o'Shanter's line of retreat. When the weather is clear, they get a distant view of the hills, which rise beyond the Doon with no striking outlines, nor with sufficient loftiness to form a notable feature in the remoter landscape. And yet if the visitor whose time and route are at his own disposal will bravely penetrate these far uplands, he will find much, both in the way of scenery and of historic and legendary interest, to reward his enterprise. It is a lonely pastoral region, deeply trenched with long and narrow valleys, which in their seaward portions are always well-wooded, and then contrast

with the singularly bare though verdant aspect of the high grounds on either side. The whole of that district was called in old times Carrick—a Celtic name still in use among the people, and descriptive of the rugged, rocky character of most of the surface. The bones of the country seem indeed everywhere to be sticking through the scanty skin of soil and turf; and yet the abundant droves of black-faced sheep and black cattle, and the stores of excellent butter and cheese which every year come out of these hills to the great markets, bear witness to the excellence of the pasture. It might have been hoped that in so rocky a tract minerals of some sort would be found to compensate for the comparative poorness of the surface. Many a viewer and "prospector" has scoured the sides of the hills and valleys. Copper, lead, and iron in small quantities have been found; but there seems no probability that the pastoral character of the country will ever be to any serious extent disturbed by mining operations. And yet, curiously enough, in one of the deep valleys on the northern margin of the hilly tracts of Carrick a small coal-field exists—a little bit of the great Scottish coal-field, which by some ancient revolution of the surface has got detached from the rest, and become, as it were, jammed in between the two steep sides of the valley of the Girvan.

The colliers of Scotland have been in all time a distinct and a superstitious population. For many a long century they and the makers of salt were slaves, bought and sold with the land on which they were born, and from which they had no more right to remove themselves than if they had been of African descent, and born in Carolina. Customs and beliefs which had gradually died out elsewhere naturally lingered for a time among the colliers; and indeed until the general use of steam machinery and the invasion of an Irish labouring population, the Scottish miners maintained much of their singularity. Down in that little coal-field of Carrick, however, shut out from the rest of the mining districts, and even in no small degree from the country at large, the colliers preserved until only a few years ago many traits which we are accustomed to think had died out several generations ago. No railway came near the place; no highway led through it. Lying near the sea, it yet could boast of no good harbour within reach, to stimulate the coal industry. Even the local

demand for coal was too small to admit of any extensive workings; and so the mining population continued in the same quaint old ways which it had been used to for a century or two, keeping up, among other things, many of its characteristic superstitions.

Some years ago, on geological errand bent, I had occasion to pass a number of months in that sequestered locality, and to mingle with the colliers themselves, as well as their employers. In this way I was led to glean reminiscences of habits and beliefs, now nearly as extinct as the fossils in the rocks which were the more special objects of research. These gleanings, as illustrative of former phases of our rural population, are perhaps not unworthy of record. I propose, therefore, in the present paper to relate an incident, perhaps one of the most tragic in the history of coal-mining in this country, which occurred in this little Girvan coal-field, and which furnishes examples of several of the more characteristic features of the old Scottish collier.

In the quiet churchyard of Dailly, within hearing of the gurgle of the Girvan and the sigh of the old pines of Dalquharren, lie the unmarked graves of generations of colliers; but among them is one with a tombstone bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN BROWN, COLLIER,

who was enclosed in  
Kilgrammie Coal-pit, by a portion of it having  
fallen in,  
Oct. 8th, 1835,  
and was taken out alive,  
and in full possession of his mental faculties,  
but in a very exhausted state,  
Oct. 31st,  
having been twenty-three days in utter seclusion  
from the world, and without a particle of food.  
He lived for three days after,  
having quietly expired on the evening of  
Nov. 3rd,  
Aged 66 years.

Three weeks without food in the depths of the earth! It seemed hardly credible, and I set myself to gather such recollections as might still remain. I discovered that a narrative of the circumstances had been published shortly after the date of their occurrence; but I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of people who were resident in the district during the calamity, and from whom I obtained details which do not seem ever to have found their way into print. Much

of my information was derived from an old collier who was one of the survivors. His narrative and that of the other contemporaries of the event brought out in a strong light the superstition of the colliers, and furnished additional evidence as to one of the longest survivals without food of which authentic record exists.

On the 6th October, 1835, in a remote part of the old coal-mine of Kilgrammie, near Dailly, John Brown, the hero of this tragedy, was at work alone. Sixty-six years of age, but hale in body and full of fun and joke, he had long been a favourite with his fellow-workmen, more especially with the younger colliers, whom his humour and story-telling used to bring to his side when their own term of work was done. Many a time would they take his pick from him, and finish his remaining task, while he sat on the floor of the mine, and gave them his racy chat in return. On the day in question he was apart from the others, at the far end of a roadway. While there, an empty waggon came rumbling along the rails and stopped within a foot of the edge of the hole in which his work lay. Had it gone a few inches further, it would have fallen upon him, and deprived him either of limb or life. There seemed something so thoughtless in such an act that he came up to see which of his fellow-workmen could have been guilty of it. But nobody was there. He shouted along the dark mine; but no sound came back, save the echo of his own voice. That evening, when the men had gathered round the village fires, the incident of the waggon was matter of earnest talk. Everybody scorned the imputation of having, even in mere thoughtlessness, risked a life in the pit. Besides, nobody had been in that part of the workings except Brown himself. He fully acquitted them, having an explanation of his own to account for the movements of the waggon. He had known such things happen before, he said, and was persuaded that it could only be the devil, who seemed much more ready to push along empty hutches, and so endanger men's lives, than to give any miner help in pushing them when full.

In truth, this story of the waggon came in the end to have a significance, little dreamt of at the time. It proved to have been the first indication of a "crush" in the pit—that is, a falling in of the roof. The coal-seam was a thick one, and in extracting it, massive pillars, some sixteen or seventeen feet broad and forty to fifty feet long, were left to keep the roof

up. At first, half of the coal only was taken out; but after some progress had been made, the pillars were reduced in size, so as to let a third more of the seam be removed. This, of course, was a delicate operation, since the desire to get as much coal out of the mine as possible led to the risk of paring down the pillars so far as to make them too weak for the enormous weight they had to bear. Such a failure of support led to a "crush." The weakened pillars were crushed to fragments, and at the same time the floor of the pit, under the enormous and unequal pressure, was here and there squeezed up even to the roof. Such was the disaster that now befel the coal-pit of Kilgrammie, and it had been the early disturbance of level heralding the final catastrophe which sent the empty waggon along the roadway.

For a couple of days cracks and grinding noises went on continuously in the pit, the levels of the rails got more and more altered, and though the men remained at work it became hourly more clear that part of the workings would now need to be abandoned. At last, on the 8th October, the final crash came suddenly and violently. The huge weight of rock under which the galleries ran settled down solidly on them with a noise and shock which, spreading for a mile or two up and down that quiet vale of the Girvan, were set down at the time as the passing of an earthquake. Over the site of the mine itself the ground was split open into huge rents for a space of several acres, the dam of a pond gave way, and the water rushed off, while the horses at the mouth of the pit took fright, and came scampering, masterless and in terror, into the little village, the inhabitants of which rushed out of doors, and were standing in wonderment as to what had happened.

But the disasters above ground were only a feeble indication of the terrors underneath. Constant exposure to risk hardens a man against an appreciation of his dangers, and even makes him, it may be, foolhardy. The Kilgrammie colliers had continued their work with reckless disregard of consequences, until at last the cry arose among them that the roof was settling down. First they made a rush to the bottom of the shaft, in hopes of being pulled up by the engine. But by this time the shaft had become involved in the ruin of the roof. A second shaft stood at a little distance; but this too they found to be closed. Every avenue of es-

cape cut off, and amid the hideous groanings and grindings of the sunken ground, the colliers had retreated to a part of the workings where the pillars yet stood firm. Fortunately one of them remembered an old tunnel, or "day-level," running from the mine for more than half a mile to the Brunston Holm, on the banks of the Girvan, and made originally to carry off the underground water. They were starting to find the entrance to this tunnel, when they noticed, for the first time, that John Brown was not among them. Two of the younger men (one of whom has told me the story) started back through the falling part of the workings, and found the old man at his post, working as unconcernedly as if he had been digging potatoes in his own garden. With some difficulty they persuaded him to return with them, and were in the act of hurrying him along, when he remembered that in the haste he had left his jacket behind. In vain they tried to drag him along. "The jacket was a new one," he said; "and as for the pit, he had been at a crush before now, and would win through it this time too." So, with a spring backwards, he tore himself away from them and dived into the darkness of the mine in search of his valued garment. Hardly, however, had he parted from them, when the roof between him and them came down with a crash. They managed to rejoin their comrades; John Brown was sealed up within the mine, most probably, as they thought, crushed to death between the ruins of the roof and floor.

Those who have ever by any chance peeped into the sombre mouth of the day-level of a coal-pit will realize what the colliers had now to do to make good their escape. The tunnel had been cut simply as a drain; dark water and mud filled it almost to the roof. For more than half a mile they had to walk, or rather to crouch along in a stooping posture through this conduit, the water often up to their shoulders, sometimes, indeed, with barely room for their heads to pass between the surface of the slimy water and the rough roof above. But at length they reached the bright daylight as it streamed over the green holms and autumn woods of the Girvan, no man missing save him whom they had done their best to rescue. They were the first to bring the tidings of their escape to the terrified village.

No attempt could at first be made to save the poor fellow. As the colliers themselves said, not even a creel, or little coal-basket, could get down the crushed

shaft of the pit. The catastrophe happened on a Wednesday, and when Sunday came the parish minister, Dr. Hill — afterwards a conspicuous man in the Church of Scotland — made it the subject of a powerful appeal to his people. In the words of a lady, who was then, and is still resident in the neighbourhood, "he made us feel deeply the horror of knowing that a human being was living beneath our feet, dying a most fearful death. On the Sunday following we met with the conviction that whatever the man's sufferings had been, they were at last over, and that he had been dead some days. On the third Sunday the event had begun to pass away."

After the lapse of some days the cracking and groaning of the broken roof had so far abated, that it became possible once more to get down into the pit. The first efforts were, of course, directed towards that part of the workings where the body was believed to be lying. But the former roadways were found to be so completely blocked up, that no approach to the place could be had, save by cutting a new tunnel through the ruins. This proved to be a work of great labour and difficulty; for not only were the materials extremely hard through which the new passage must be cut: a dead body lay in the pit, and awakened all the superstition of the colliers. At times they would work well, but their ears were ever on the alert for strange weird noises, and often would they come rushing out from the working in terror at the unearthly gibberings which ever and anon would go sougling through the mine.

A fortnight had passed away. The lessee, like the rest of the inhabitants, believed poor Brown to be already dead, and brought a gang of colliers from another part of the county to help in clearing out and re-opening his coal-pit. But a party of the men continued at work upon the tunnel that was to lead to the body. They cut through the hard crushed roof a long passage, just wide enough to let a man crawl along it upon his elbows, and at last, early in the morning of the twenty-third day after the accident, they struck through the last part of the ruined mass into the open workings beyond. The rush of foul air from these workings put out their lights, and compelled them to retreat. One of their number was despatched to upper air for a couple of boards, or corn-sieves, or any broad flat thing he could lay hands upon, with which they might advance into the work-

ings, and waft the air about, so as to mix it, and make it more breathable. Some time had to elapse before the messenger could make the circuitous journey, and meanwhile the foulness of the air had probably lessened. When the sieves came one of the miners agreed to advance into the darkness, and try to create a current of air; the rest were to follow. In a minute or two, however, he rejoined them, almost speechless with fright. In winnowing the air with his arms, he had struck against a waggon standing on the roadway, and the noise he had made was followed by a distinct groan. A younger member of the gang volunteered to return with him. Advancing as before, the same waggon stopped them as their sieves came against the end of it, and again there rose from out of the darkness of the mine a faint, but audible groan. Could it be the poor castaway, or was it only another wile of the arch enemy to lure two colliers more to their fate? Gathering up all the courage that was left in him, one of them broke the awful silence of the place by solemnly demanding, "If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name o' God, gie anither." They listened, and after the echoes of his voice had ceased they heard another groan, coming apparently from the roadway only a few yards ahead. They crept forward, and found their companion — alive.

In a few seconds the other colliers, who had been anxiously awaiting the result, were also beside the body of John Brown. They could not see it, for they had not yet resumed their lights; but they could feel that it had the death-like chill of a corpse. Stripping off their jackets and shirts, they lay with their naked backs next to him, trying to restore a little warmth to his hardly living frame. His first words, uttered in a scarcely audible whisper, were, "Gie me a drink." Fearful of endangering the life which they had been the means of so marvellously saving, they only complied so far with his wish as to dip the sleeve of a coat in one of the little runnels which were trickling down the walls of the mine, and to moisten his lips with it. He pushed it from him, asking them "no to mak' a fule o' him." A little water refreshed him, and then, in the same strangely sepulchral whisper, he said, "Eh, boys, but ye've been lang o' coming."

Word was now sent to the outer world that John Brown had been found, and was yet living. The lessee came down, the doctor was sent for, and preparations

were made to have the sufferer taken up to daylight again. And here one of the strangest parts of the story must be told: — If by chance the reader has ever been in a coal-pit, he may have remarked that upon the decayed timber props and old wooden boardings an unseemly growth of a white and yellow fungus often takes root, hanging in loathsome tufts and bunches from the sides or roofs wherever the wood is decaying. After being cautiously pushed through the newly-cut passage, John Brown was placed on the lessee's knees on the cage in which they were to be pulled up by the engine. As they rose into daylight, a sight which had only been faintly visible in the feeble lamplight below presented itself, never seen before, and never to be forgotten. That same loathsome fungus had spread over the poor collier's body as it would have done over a rotting log. His beard had grown bristly during his confinement, and all through the hairs this white fungus had taken root. His master, as the approaching daylight made the growth more visible, began to pull off the fungus threads, but (as he told me himself) his hand was pushed aside by John, who asked him, "Na, noo, wad ye kittle (tickle) me?"

By nine o'clock on that Friday morning, three-and-twenty days after he had walked out of his cottage for the last time, John Brown was once more resting on his own bed. A more ghastly figure could hardly be pictured. His face had not the pallor of a fainting fit or of death, but wore a strange sallow hue like that of a mummy. His flesh seemed entirely gone, nothing left but the bones, under a thin covering of leather-like skin. This was specially marked about his face, where, in spite of the growth of hair, every bone looked as if it were coming through the skin, and his eyes, brightened into unnatural lustre, were sunk far into his skull. The late Dr. Sloan, of Ayr, who visited him, told me that to such a degree was the body wasted, that in putting the hand over the pit of the stomach, one could distinctly feel the inner surface of the backbone. Every atom of fatty matter in the body seems to have been consumed.

Light food was sparingly administered, and he appeared to revive, and would insist on being allowed to speak and tell of his experiences in the pit. He had no food with him all the time of his confinement. Once before, when locked up underground by a similar accident, he had drunk the oil from his lamp and had thereby sickened himself; so that this



time, though he had both oil and tobacco with him, he had tasted neither. For some days he was able to walk about in the open uncrushed part of the mine, where too he succeeded in supplying himself with water to drink. But in the end, as he grew weaker, he had stumbled across the roadway and fallen into the position in which he was found. The trickle of water ran down the mine close to him, and was for a time the only sound he could hear, but he could not reach it. When asked if he had not despaired of ever being restored to the upper air, he assured his questioners that he had never for a moment lost the belief that he would be rescued. He had heard them working towards him, and from the intervals of silence and sound he was able, after a fashion, to measure the passing of time. It would seem, too, that he had been subject either to vivid dreams or to a wandering of the mind when awake, for he thanked again and again the sister of his master for her great kindness in visiting him in the pit and cheering him up as she did.

On the Sunday afternoon when some of his old comrades were sitting round the bedside, he turned to them with an anxious puzzled look and said, "Ah boys, when I win through this, I've a queer story to tell ye." But that was not to be. His constitution had received such a shake as even its uncommon strength could not overcome. That evening it became only too plain that the apparent recovery of appetite and spirits had been but the last flicker of the lamp of life. Later in the night he died.

So strange a tragedy made a deep impression on the people of that sequestered district. Everybody who could, made his way into the little cottage to see a man who, as it were, had risen from the dead, and no doubt this natural craving led to an amount of noise and excitement in the room, by no means very favourable to the recovery of the sufferer. But this was not all. A new impetus came to the fading superstitions of the colliery population. Not a few of his old work-fellows, though they saw him in bodily presence lying in his own bed and chatting as he used to do, nay, even though they followed him to the grave, refused to believe that what they saw was John Brown's body at all, or at least that it was his soul which animated it. They had seen so many wiles of the devil below ground, and had so often narrowly escaped with their lives from his treachery, that they

shrewdly suspected this to be some new snare of his for the purpose of entrapping and carrying off some of their number.

A post-mortem examination followed. But even that sad evidence of mortality failed to convince some of the more stubbornly superstitious. The late Dr. Sloan, who took part in the examination, told me that after it was over, and when he emerged from the little cottage, a group of old colliers who had been patiently waiting the result outside came up to him with the inquiry, "Doctor, did ye fin' his feet?" It certainly had not occurred to him to make any special investigation of the extremities, and he confessed that he had not, though surprised at the oddity of the question. He inquired in turn why they should have wished the feet particularly looked to. A grave shake of the head was the only reply he could get at the time, but he soon found out that had he examined the feet, he would have found them not to be human extremities at all, but bearing that cloven character which Scottish tradition has steadily held to be one of the characteristic and ineffaceable features of the devil, no matter under what disguise he may be pleased to appear.

And even when the grave had closed over the wasted remains of the poor sufferer, people were still seeing visions and getting warnings. His ghost haunted the place for a time, until at last the erection of a tombstone by the parishioners with the inscription already quoted, written by the parish minister, slowly brought conviction to the minds of the incredulous. Many a story, however, still lingers of sights and sounds seen as portents after this sad tragedy. I shall give only one, told to me by an old collier, whose grandmother was a well-known witch, and who himself retained evidently more belief in her powers than he cared to acknowledge in words. Not long after John Brown's death, one of the miners returned unexpectedly from his work in the forenoon, and to the surprise of his wife appeared in front of their cottage. She was in the habit, unknown to him, of solacing herself in the early part of the day with a bottle of porter. On the occasion in question, the bottle stood toasting pleasantly before the fire when the form of the "gude-man" came in sight. In a moment she had driven in the cork and thrust the bottle underneath the blankets of the box-bed, when he entered, and, seating himself by the fire, began to light his pipe. In a little while the warmed porter managed to expel the cork and to

escape in a series of very ominous guggles from underneath the clothes. The poor fellow was outside in an instant crying, "Another warning, Meg! rin, rin, the house is fa'ing." But Meg "kenn'd what was what fu' brawly," and made for the bed in time to save only the last dregs of her intended potation.

Most of the actors, in the sad story have passed away, and now rest beneath the same green sod which covers the remains of John Brown. With the last generation, too, has died out much of the hereditary superstition. For a railway now runs through the coal-field. Strangers come and settle in the district. An increasing Irish element appears in the population, and thus the old manners and customs are rapidly becoming mere traditions in the place. Even grandsons and great-grandsons of the old women who "kept the country-side in fear," affect to hold lightly the powers and doings of their progenitors, though there are still a few who, while seemingly half-ashamed to claim supernatural power for their "grannies," gravely assert that the latter had means of finding things out, and, though bed-ridden, of getting their wishes fulfilled, which to say the least were very inexplicable.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### STORY OF A FRENCH REFUGEE.

THE persecution of the Huguenots in France in the reign of Louis XIV., both before and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), is matter of history, and a very sorrowful matter it is; for it may be said to have led to that series of national disasters, which is yet apparently far from being concluded. Among the sufferers from the persecution was a young man, James Fontaine, the descendant of a family of rank, whose father, in consideration of altered fortunes, dropped the aristocratic *De la*, and assumed the plain surname of Fontaine. For two or three generations, the Fontaines had been Protestant pastors in the south-west of France, and James was destined to follow the same calling, though, what was a little awkward, he limped in his gait, from having been let accidentally fall by his nurse when an infant. Born in 1658, he was still a youth, and had just begun as a preacher, when, the persecution being at its height, dragons were plundering and killing with-

out mercy, churches were being destroyed, and vast crowds of unhappy people were trying to escape to England, in which only a limited number were successful—the famous French refugees who brought to our shores a knowledge of divers industrial arts which have incalculably enriched the country.

The Rev. James Fontaine, as he designates himself in a work recently published from an original autobiography,\* got away with considerable difficulty, in company with a young lady who was to be his wife, and two or three friends. The party, after hanging about the French coast in a boat, near the isle of Oleron, were humanely taken on board an English merchant-vessel which, after beating against contrary winds for eleven days, reached Appledore, a small town near the mouth of the Taw, in Devonshire. Having paid passage-money for the party, the youthful preacher had only twenty gold pistoles left, besides six silver spoons, a silver watch, and a diamond ring worth ten or twelve pistoles.

At Barnstaple, to which they made their way, the forlorn refugees were treated with much kindness, of which they stood greatly in need, for, owing to a shortness of provisions on board ship, they were almost famished, and ravenously ate the bread that was set before them. Now begin Fontaine's adventures, from which he seems to have been of an eager, speculative character—changeable, versatile, and equally ready for preaching, teaching, manufacturing, or keeping a shop. Not, perhaps, that there was anything singular in these aptitudes, for the French generally, under pressure of misfortune have an amazing faculty in turning their hand to whatever falls in the way. The first thing that surprised our hero was the comparative cheapness of biscuits. On getting two large ones for a penny, he instantly conceived the notion of buying grain, and exporting it on speculation to France, where it was at the time very dear. The chief difficulty lay in the want of capital; but, at all events, there were the twenty pistoles, the six silver spoons, and the silver watch; and his intended wife possessed a gold neck-chain, a pearl necklace, an emerald, and a diamond worth five pistoles; all which wealth he was prepared to risk on the enterprise. Hav-

\* *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family; translated from the Original Autobiography of Rev. James Fontaine.* New York: Putnam and Sons. 1872.

ing been taken into the house of "a charitable gentleman, a Mr. Downe, at Barnstaple," he induced him to charter a vessel, and risk some money. The speculation was entered on. It proved so successful as to encourage a second shipment; but this was disappointing. A third venture was tried; in this case the orders being to bring a return cargo of salt. The captain employed, when quitting France, took on board a large number of wealthy refugees. These he plundered of all their valuables, ran the vessel ashore on the coast of Spain, where it went to wreck, and the salt returned to the sea whence it came. Worse than all, the unfortunate passengers were barbarously drowned. The captain having espied a lady who was buoyed up by means of a thick-quilted petticoat, plunged her under the water with a boat-hook, and held her down till life was extinct. With their ill-gotten wealth, the captain and crew went to Cadiz, purchased a vessel, and took to privateering. The result as regards Fontaine can be imagined. Watch, silver spoons, gold chain, and so on, had all to be disposed of, "and something still remained unpaid."

Now poorer than ever, the young French refugee was exposed to a new temptation. Mr. Downe had a sister, possessing certain "charms of mind and disposition," but "short, thin, sallow, and marked with the small-pox;" such disadvantages, however, being, as some might think, outweighed by a dowry of three thousand pounds. Carrying with her this handsome fortune, she formed the wish to become Madame Fontaine, and persuaded her brother to open the matrimonial negotiations. He was not unwilling to do so, for it would afford him an opportunity of doing a little in the matrimonial line on his own account; in a word, he had fallen in love with the young French lady, Fontaine's *fiancée*, and to take her out of the way would tend greatly to arrange matters agreeably. It was a very nicely conceived plot, and required delicate management. With the best French he could muster, Downe one day proceeded to business. After a little hesitation and clearing his throat, he told his guest that his sister wished to marry him, and if he would agree to it, he would remove the difficulty by taking the young lady who had been brought from France. The proposition was tempting, but did not in the least discompose M. Fontaine. He produced a written promise of mutual attachment between

himself and the young lady, and stated that, on communicating with her, he would abide by her decision. The same evening, he went to the house where she lodged, and executed the commission with which he was charged. The answer was such as might have been expected. There was a mutual overflow of tears. A steady resolution was formed to abide by each other. Poverty and its possible consequences, with affection, was preferred to worldly wealth and all its allurements. The trial had its uses. To the distress of Downe and his sister, M. Fontaine married the young lady, and with stout hearts the two began the world on nothing.

To the lodging to which the happy pair adjourned, numerous presents poured in from friendly refugees in the neighbourhood; but living on gifts of this kind could not last. Teaching was first resorted to, and afterwards the keeping of a small shop in Bridgewater was tried with no great success. Some friends suggested an application to the managers of a charitable fund which had been raised in London for the benefit of French refugees exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The account of the effort to benefit by this fund is somewhat painful. Fontaine found that succour was hopeless for any one who did not attach himself to the Church of England, and to this, in a resolute way which reminds us of the Scotch Covenanters, he had an insuperable objection. A few Presbyterians who heard of his distress kindly gave some seasonable aid; after which he removed to Taunton, where he set up in the triple capacity of preacher, teacher, and shopkeeper. He had longings to speculate as an export merchant, but was restrained by sorrowful recollections of former misadventures. In the struggle which ensued, his young wife behaved admirably. She stood behind the counter, and helped materially to carry on the concern.

While so doing his best in the battle of life at Taunton, a fresh industrial opening occurred. He was waited on by two Frenchmen with sanguine notions about the woollen manufacture; they wanted him to lay out money on worsted, yarn, and dyes, while they would furnish the requisite mechanism to make the affair profitable. The project was irresistible. Fontaine risked twenty pounds, which he borrowed "from a Mrs. White, a widow, who dealt in tobacco at Bridgewater." Out of this trading speculation he came

but better than there were reasons for anticipating. The manufacture proved profitable, and the borrowed money was repaid. But the partners disagreed, and Fontaine was glad to get rid of them, and carry on business on his own account.

From this period, all was sunshine. On Sundays he preached, at certain times through the week he taught French, while, as a principal reliance, he carried on a system of manufacture; besides which, Madame, a pattern wife, was busy as a bee, keeping the shop, with two boys to help her. M. Fontaine did not think it the least derogatory to be an administrator of ghostly counsel and at the same time work with all his might. St. Paul was his model, and he cared nothing for professional etiquette. We cannot refrain from quoting the account he gives of the industrial arrangements of the establishment.

"I manufactured stuffs in the upper part of the house, which my wife sold at a profit in the lower part. I went to Bristol and Exeter once a quarter, to lay in a fresh stock of groceries, and pay off the old debt. I procured direct from Holland linens of various qualities, galloons, thread, needles, and tin and copper ware, manufactured there by French refugees. These articles cost me much less than if I had bought them in England. I was supplied with beaver hats from Exeter, where they were made by Frenchmen, who furnished them to no one in Taunton but myself. I sold French brandy, pure and unadulterated, whereas the Englishmen generally played tricks with theirs. I drew custom by selling Malaga and Alicante raisins at the price retail that I paid for them by wholesale. I sold needles on the same terms. Every one knew the value of these articles, and the sale of them did not amount to any great sum. One would say to another: 'You can buy beautiful raisins from the Frenchman at such a price;' and then they would come to see for themselves, buy some raisins, and probably ten or twelve shillings worth of other articles, upon which we made a profit, so we found our account in selling cheap raisins."

The success of the French refugee in this miscellaneous trade was galling to the native shopkeepers of Taunton. Far from resembling Englishmen in their generous treatment of foreigners driven by misfortune on our shores, they conceived a hatred of the poor Frenchman, whose

industry ought to have commanded their admiration, and they hatefully conspired to ruin him. In the present day, one reads of their proceedings with amazement. They lodged a complaint with the mayor and aldermen, accusing him of being a monopolist in trade, an underseller. Woollen manufacturers, tin-plate workers, dealers in brandy, raisins, stockings, and chamois leather for breeches, denounced him as interfering unduly with their profits. A summons to appear before the civic dignitaries was of course granted. The description of the trial is about the best thing in the book, but it is too long for our pages. Fontaine defended himself by a few simple explanations. He was bred a scholar and a gentleman. Religious persecution had driven him away from his native country. He followed a line of honest industry in order to support himself and family, and trusted he was doing nothing wrong in dealing in a variety of articles for the public accommodation. This sort of argument would have had no effect on the court, but for the good sense of the Recorder, who represented that unless his accusers were prepared to raise a fund and settle an annuity on the poor Frenchman, he must be allowed to earn his bread for the sake of himself and family. All were abashed at the decision. "Go," said he to Fontaine; "we return you thanks for your industry. God bless you and your labour." The triumph over narrow considerations was complete.

Dismissed from the bar there was still on the part of the magistrates a malicious disposition to molest the refugee, for which the political condition of the country offered an opportunity. The Prince of Orange had just landed. The Revolution was complete, and there was on all hands a search for Jacobites and Jesuits. It was easy getting up a cry that M. Fontaine was a Jesuit in disguise. He pretended to preach the gospel, and to gain friends by selling articles at cost-price. He was a downright Jesuit, and ought to be hanged. Ominous murmurs of this kind gave the Frenchman some uneasiness. He had a profound respect for the English, but on landing in Devonshire at the close of Monmouth's rebellion, he observed with dismay that there was a great deal of hanging and quartering, and that ghastly heads were stuck about at the entrance to towns in most unpleasant profusion.

Things might not come to pass, but in the fervour of the moment no one could

safely say there would be no excesses. As a beginning, soldiers were quartered on Fontaine to an extent beyond endurance, and the poor man could see nothing but a determination to bring him to ruin. Taunton was a place in which he could no longer do any good as a retail dealer, and so far he was resolved to wind up his affairs. Being occupied during the day teaching French and Latin, he was obliged to steal many hours of the night to find time to make an exact inventory of all he possessed. To discharge his debts, he sold off his stuffs to wholesale merchants, and the residue of his effects was disposed of to a purchaser for four hundred pounds, which he retained as a little leaven, to begin business in some new line when opportunity offered.

For several months his only employment was keeping a school, by which, however, he did not make quite enough to maintain his family, now consisting of several children. Thoughtful and ingenious, he pondered on the probability of success as a manufacturer of a new kind of worsted stuff, called calimanco, for which Norwich had become celebrated. In a spirit of enterprise, he determined to make an attempt to imitate the article, even though ignorant of the requisite mechanical knowledge. How distressing to have to record that the authorities of an English country town should have had the despicable meanness to oppress a man with so noble a spirit of self-reliance and industry! Meanly tyrannized over, Fontaine was not to be baffled. "I engaged," says he, "a weaver for my experimental attempt, who was out of employment, and was apparently very docile. I made all the machinery, I put it up with my own hands, and spent a couple of hours every day trying to instruct him. This went on for three months, altering the threads and machinery for new trials about once a fortnight, and still not an inch of the desired fabric was produced; and I was paying the weaver his full wages all the time."

The attempt to manufacture calimanco was like to be abortive, when by good luck a young man with some skill in the art was lighted upon, and employed. After no little trouble with the imperfect mechanism, this young craftsman succeeded in making several yards of stuff in the day. There yet remained a serious drawback. The stuff produced was like calimanco in substance, but not in finish; it was rough on the surface, with great

hairs sticking out in all directions. In the present day, a smooth surface is given to tissues by a process of singeing over fiery hot rollers. Fontaine did not know anything of this process, but he conjectured that singeing would effect the required smoothness. "I recollected," he says, "that when I was at school, I had often gone to warm myself in a hatter's shop, and I used to watch the process of burning off the long hairs from the hats with a blazing wisp of straw, so I thought that a similar plan might be adopted for remedying the defect in my calimanco." He thus fell upon the very process which has now attained so much perfection. How Fontaine laughed with joy when by means of a burning wisp of straw, followed by a proper degree of pressure, the calimanco came out beautiful, about as good as that of Norwich! He sold lots of it at Exeter at half-a-crown a yard, realizing a hundred per cent. of profit after all expenses were paid. We do not know that there is anything finer than this as an instance of ingenuity and perseverance in the history of British manufactures.

Soon Fontaine had fifteen looms at work on his calimanco, and to all appearance he was on the road to fortune. He got discouraged, however, by attempts to withdraw his workmen, and to rival his manufacture. In fact, he was too susceptible on this score, for the world is wide enough for everybody, and he ought to have held on in his course. With characteristic unsettledness, he became weary of the business, and contemplated emigration to Ireland. We let him tell what ensued in his own words. "Seeing that I had now made one thousand pounds in the course of three years, I thought I would leave the place, and try whether I could not find a French church in want of a minister. I knew that there were many French Protestant refugees in Ireland, so I went to Dublin to make inquiries. I was there recommended to go to Cork, and I accordingly proceeded thither, and found there were several French families settled there who were very desirous to have a minister." As a result of this expedition, Fontaine removed in 1694 with his family to Cork, where he set up as a French Protestant preacher; but the emoluments being *nil*, he continued to dabble in yarns, dye-stuffs, and manufacturing industry. Preaching, indeed, was his favourite pursuit, for no man had a more earnest desire to be useful in expounding the gospel message. His



manufacture was taken up only as a means of livelihood. There is some historical interest in his proceedings, for they afford a glimpse of the social changes arising from the introduction of French refugees into these islands.

At Cork, M. Fontaine was at the height of his ambition. He was an admired preacher, and he gained from his small manufactory ample support for his family. This state of things was too good to last. Dissensions broke out in the congregation, and considering himself ill-treated, the hitherto too confiding pastor resigned his office. Some mercantile adventures were now tried, but they only brought loss and vexation. As a finishing calamity, the British parliament, in its then mistaken policy, passed an act forbidding the export of woollen manufactures from Ireland, by which the luckless Fontaine was adroitly ruined. What hand could he turn to now? Fishing, and exporting the produce to Spain, occurred to him as a grand idea. With this project in view, Fontaine removed with his family and the wreck of his worldly possessions to Bear Haven, where he rented the farms for his fishery.

In this new enterprise, with all his diligence, he was unsuccessful, and, to add to his misfortunes, he was pillaged and cheated by neighbours in a thousand indirect ways. As a climax, his house was attacked by privateers, against whom he for a time carried on a war for bare existence. On one occasion he did the state some service by his courageous defence, for which he had the good fortune to be rewarded with a pension of five shillings a day. There is something melancholy in what follows.

Broken down in health, though not so in spirit, and relying on his pension, Fontaine removed to Dublin, rented a house in Stephen's Green, and there for several years carried on a school for teaching French, Latin, and Greek. In 1721, he lost his wife, and the shock so greatly distressed him that he gave up his school. At this point, his personal narrative draws to a close, and all that follows is an account of his sons, several of whom emigrated to Virginia, and founded families which rose to distinction in the colony. We cannot speak of the work embracing an account of the family as artistic in construction; but it is valuable as shewing us the struggles of one of those honest and ingenious foreigners who, driven by short-sighted persecution from their own country, contributed to the

glory of England, the kindly home of oppressed nationalities. W. C.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LATE EMPEROR'S SUPERSTITION.

EVERYONE knew, by general rumour at least, that the late Emperor of the French, with all his longheadedness and power of slow, tenacious reflection, was a superstitious man, who profoundly believed that his uncle watched over his destinies and protected his career. But the publication this week of his will, made in 1865, is much the most authentic evidence accessible to us of the depth of this superstition. In it he declares positively, "One must think that from the height of Heaven those whom you have loved look down upon you and protect you. It is the soul of my mighty uncle that has always inspired and sustained me." And again, "As to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal which I wore attached to my watch, and which I got from my mother; let him preserve with care all that I have inherited from the Emperor my uncle, and let him be assured that my heart and my soul remain with him." In a will so short, which would not occupy forty lines of this journal, and in which only the wishes to which the Emperor attached the most significance are enumerated at all, the solemn mention of this belief in the angelic guardianship exercised on his behalf by his uncle, and the injunction to his son to keep as a talisman the seal which he himself had had from his mother, prove that these impressions were not in the Emperor's view transient fancies to which now and then he was able to attach a certain half-playful importance, but that they were deeply cherished superstitions,—superstitions of which he was so far from being ashamed, that he wished to give them all the emphasis of deliberate registration in an imperial testament,—a testament certain to be made public, and, had he died on the throne, to be made public at a moment full of gravity for the career of his son. Nor can it well be that the Emperor wished to pose before the people of France as entertaining a superstition of this kind, if he did not really entertain it. It is certainly not one of the kind of beliefs which it would be the proper imperial rôle to counterfeit; it suggests too completely the conscious subordination of the Emperor to his un-

cle, as well as a belief neither sufficiently consistent in tone with the dutiful Catholicism officially expressed in the last sentence of his will, nor with the "enlightened" views of his more radical adherents, to admit of the hypothesis that he wrote these clauses of his will for the sake of any effect they might be supposed to have on the people of France. We are disposed to think that even in his last exile, when his sainted uncle's protection had so entirely failed him, he would not have hesitated to reaffirm these same superstitions. Indeed, a man who trusted so much to the angelic guardianship of an Emperor who had completely broken down in his own career, would hardly withdraw his confidence because the tutelary power had also failed to save the prestige of his protégé from a catastrophe of a similar, though more humiliating nature. It would be hardly reasonable to expect a man even from the other world to show more sagacity in overruling the destiny of another than he had shown in ruling his own. Indeed Bishop Butler would have constructed a very ingenious argument to show that the same moral and intellectual defects which showed themselves in Napoleon I.'s career as Emperor and General, might have been expected *a priori* to show themselves again in his career as guardian angel.

We believe we may assume, then, that these superstitious beliefs of the late Emperor were not only a real part of his mind, but were very deeply ingrained in it, were of the very warp of his character. There would seem to be something strange in the admission of what may be called such an intellectual taint in the character of one who was able to gain the position which Napoleon III. did gain in Europe, and it will seem not perhaps the less strange if we hold that it was in great measure by virtue of this taint and in consequence of it, that he was able to reach the height he did. For no one can really doubt that but for Napoleon III's firm belief in superhuman influences aiding his plans, he hardly would have ventured either on the successful or on the silly enterprises by which he endeavoured to gain the French Throne. That a great part of the moving force of Napoleon III's career was in his superstition, the Emperor's will seems to us to place almost beyond doubt. And yet it will seem, as we have said, remarkable that a man of the Emperor's great power should have been the victim of this strange kind of illusion, till we observe that it was not

apparently so much a general tendency to superstition which was at the basis of Louis Napoleon's particular illusion, but that it was the heat and intensity of imagination with which he dwelt upon the fact of his relationship to his uncle, and on the political consequences which this relationship might involve, that led to the superstition. In short, the illusion was the over-growth of a particular vein of intense thought in which any politician of the same birth and origin would necessarily have more or less indulged, and not a mere individual instance of a generally superstitious temper. Louis Napoleon's superstition was due to the enormous exaggeration of a shrewd and sagacious conviction,—that his relationship to the First Emperor was a mine of unworked power which he could work if he pleased. It was not the wild exaggeration of a germ of religious feeling, but the wild exaggeration of a perfectly correct worldly appreciation of the power that lay for him in the connection with the great Emperor. There are superstitions which come of religious feeling, superstitions in which the impression exaggerated is a more or less religious impression, like religious melancholy generally, and the religious visions of such a dreamer as Swedenborg; and again, there are superstitions which come of mere over-concentration of thought on some half-felt and half-perceived chance of worldly advancement. Thus, Macbeth's superstition was evidently little more than the dreamy exaggeration of the murderous ambition in his own mind. And Louis Napoleon's was, we suspect, nothing more than the exaltation of his own profound belief that the heir of the great Emperor ought to find in that Emperor an immense store of political power and the occasion for a brilliant destiny. This notion, long entertained and cherished and dreamt upon, led no doubt to a perfectly sincere conviction that the late Emperor was the actual author of all his nephew's highest dreams, most ambitious plans, and most successful political ventures. Nor apparently would his mere belief in the power of his birth have been adequate to qualify him for his actual career, without the superstitious extension which it continually took in his mind as the working of a potent will external to himself, and wielding powers which he could not wield. This unsafe and indeed in its essence insane exaggeration of his sense of the political value of his birth, had this advantage for him, that it gave

him the sense of an *unlimited* power to fall back upon, whereas the sane conviction would have given him no such assurance, but would have told him that there were very well marked limits to the strength it lent him, that it was a mere opportunity for his use, not an independent force on which he could lean. Of course it is never safe for men to believe they have a force behind them which they have not got; but it does seem that some slow natures like the late Emperor's need this sort of false stimulus to give them *staying*-power, if they are to be anything great at all as men of action. Louis Napoleon in our view was not naturally at all constituted for a man of action. He was a slow, hesitating dreamer, of considerable power and lucidity, who had no gifts for action; but just as nature sometimes seems to go out of her way to provide a compensation even by a sort of monstrosity for a great deficiency, just as she sometimes gives a dwarf arms of preternatural strength and length, so Louis Napoleon was in great measure made into a man of action from a mere dreamer by the growth of the morbid superstition which led him to find in his uncle's departed soul a sort of fetish that impelled him into the thick of the contest. Commoner men have a milder degree of the same kind of superstition. When the Mr. Whitbread who gave rise to Canning's celebrated couplet, recalled solemnly to the House of Commons the fact that the day was sacred to him because it was at once the day of the foundation of the Brewery and of his father's death, — whereupon Canning wrote down, —

This day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,  
For his beer with an *e*, and his bier with an *i*;

— Mr. Whitbread had evidently been unconsciously engaged in making a mild sort of fetish of the founder of his own fortunes, precisely similar in kind to that which Louis Napoleon, with a more grandiose imagination, made of his mighty uncle. The Emperor's egotistic exaggeration of the importance of a relationship which had transmitted hardly any hereditary quality for empire to him, was nevertheless a superstition the constant brooding on which made him into an emperor, as a queen-bee is made by being fed on a particular kind of food into a queen. But the superstition was essentially vulgar in origin, though taken up into a grandiose nature capable of a certain loftiness of manner and phrase.

In fact, there is no real connection be-

tween a superstition of this kind, — vulgar in origin, whatever it be in manner, — and that grander and deeper kind of superstition which comes of religious awe and wonder. The Emperor seems to have had exceedingly little of this. He regarded himself not as the servant of Heaven, but as the *protégé* of the first Buonaparte. What he was to do in the world was not God's will, but the will of the "Exile of St. Helena." He worshipped at second-hand; was the instrument of an instrument; and felt not that he was serving Man as a Divine tool, but that he was working out the uncompleted thought of the coarse genius with whom he claimed relationship. Never was there less of that humility, awe, and wonder which are at the basis both of true worship, and often also of that extra-belief or *Aberglaube*, which, according to Mr. Arnold, constitutes superstition, than in the late Emperor's heated illusions about the protection of his demi-god uncle. It was the worship of the Roman world for the *divus* Augustus over again in a cruder and somewhat baser form. The late Emperor's mind could not reach, and did not care to reach, the throne of the supreme Omnipotence at all. He stopped at the best idol he could form for himself of the Divine Ruler, — namely, the caricature contained in that coarse, vigorous, fertile-minded, supremely self-willed incarnation of selfish ambition who had founded the Democratic Empire of France and his own house. It was a poor, pinchbeck kind of worship, and led, as such kinds of worship do, into superstitions that are at least as ruinous in the end, as they are sometimes, by accident and for a time, mines of political force.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

SPAIN is evidently in for much more than a series of changes of government. She is undergoing, nearly a century later, something very like the same process that France underwent in her great throes of 1789 and the following years, but undergoing it in a milder form, — milder partly on account of the familiarity of the mind of Europe with the character of the social movements which created so much wonder, enthusiasm, and terror then, partly on account of the more phlegmatic nature of the Spaniard, which

does not seem to take the malady of suspicion nearly so violently as the nature of the Frenchman. There was—as De Tocqueville very well brought out in those latest chapters of his book on the French Revolution which Mr. Henry Reeve has just added to the second edition of his excellent translation—a universal expectation of completely new social forces and new possibilities of government, pervading Europe for years before the French Revolution, an expectation which added enormously to the exciting character of that great event. Throughout Europe men believed that they were on the eve of changes in which society would be quite transfigured, and this belief, which, curiously enough, pervaded most completely not those classes which were most miserable, but those which were far above want and living in luxury, stimulated every wave of emotion and passion which spread over France, and intoxicated the actors in those great scenes. Spain has at least the advantage that the changes which her political and social life seem destined to undergo are no longer waited for with awe, as if they were the results of the inspiration of a sort of divine Muse. The excitement of the drama has been in great degree discounted by the history of the revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848. Spain knows that no golden era of society is to be expected from any changes, however fundamental; that the alternative between anarchy, and strict taxation under some form of government, is the only alternative to be hoped for; that the most enthusiastic republics have once and again been much severer sufferers than even despotic States; that if a Federal Republic is to succeed, the Federal Republic must not hope to restore a social Paradise, but must drill its troops, impose discipline, resist riot, adjust taxation, and enforce justice. There is now, thanks to France, no vast illusion, no rainbow of imaginary hope, to dazzle the eyes even of ignorant Spain. There may be great changes for the better, or great changes for the worse,—and for a time, at least, we fear the latter are the more likely,—but there will be no such wild intoxication as alone rendered the great French agony of hope and fear possible. And fortunately, too, Spain takes differences of political opinion easier than France. Carlists, Alfonsists, Radicals, and Republicans, get on very fairly together, except during the crisis of a physical struggle. That “fear” which M. Gambetta justly tells us is the great

curse of France does not seem to take root easily in Spain. The danger rather is an apathy too great to admit of the people taking any side definitely, so as to render organization possible. As the French have always had a genius for centralization,—which it is a pity, by the way, they did not manage to impart more effectually to the Spaniards during their occupation of Spain,—the Spaniards appear to have always had and still to have, a taste for decentralization, and the fear is that this will so favour disorganization as to render the process of new political crystallization difficult, tardy, and inadequate. The example of Madrid has none of the fascination for the other great cities of Spain, for Barcelona, and Seville, and Malaga, that the example of Paris has for Lyons, and Marseilles, and Bourdeaux. This indeed, is the argument for that “Federal” Republic which is now apparently in the ascendant. But this fact makes the political future of Spain even more uncertain than the political future of France ever was. Spain is like a ship built in cellular compartments, less easy to wreck as a whole, more easy to break up into distinct parts. Now that the Army is in active decomposition, and that the voice of the only actual authority left, is favourable to Federalism rather than unification, it becomes a very difficult matter indeed to anticipate the course of political change.

It seems, however, from the accounts, that the actual Government is not only not in fault for suppressing the Permanent Committee appointed by the National Assembly before its separation, but that it was almost compelled to take that course. A rebellion had been apparently organized by the friends of the Permanent Committee against the Government. The Government was called upon by the Permanent Committee to revise the course decided on by the National Assembly, to recall that body and put off the election of a Constituent Cortes. An armed demonstration, it is said by “Monarchical” Volunteers, was made in favour of this policy, so that it became a question of life and death between the Permanent Committee and the Government. If the Permanent Committee had won, there would have been a *coup d'état* and a reaction. But the victory of the Government only means the dissolution of the Permanent Committee. The unitary party, some of them Reactionists—including apparently Marshal Serrano—some of them Radicals, clearly demanded

a retrograde step, and the indefinite postponement of the election of the Constituent Cortes. They have been beaten in fair fight, and Señor Castelar and his friends remain at the head of affairs, and intend to convoke the Constituent Cortes for the 1st of June, when there seems at present little doubt that the idea of a Federal Republic will be broached, and probably command the votes of a majority of the members.

But to our minds, it matters far less what kind of government is to rule at Madrid, than what sort of authority that government is to exercise. The reason we look upon the crisis at Madrid as a new stage in a slowly-developing revolution, is that hitherto at every change in the political kaleidoscope since the death of General Prim, there has been clear loss of administrative force to the Government. Amadeo found little, and that little ebbed gradually away, during his short reign. The Republic which succeeded Amadeo inherited a very small remnant of authority, but even that it has wasted through the fear of incurring unpopularity. It cannot maintain any of its Captains in Catalonia, but removes one after the other for their unpopular measures for restoring discipline to the demoralized Army. The last report, not yet confirmed before the news came of the struggle in Madrid, was that General Velarde was about to resign because his measures of discipline against the mutinous soldiers were not supported by his civil superiors. Of course it is the special danger of a Federal Government to yield too much to local opinion on all political matters. But a Federal Government without a central army to depend upon is not really a Government at all, it is only a Board for hearing complaints from all sides on which it has no power to take action. With the Northern provinces overrun by the Carlists, with secret Alfonsists clothed in whatever military prestige may be left to the officers of the Army, with Radicals dreading the break-up of Spain into a

federation, and Federalists governing only by the favour of the masses, and without any power to enforce their will concerning any matter on which the masses do not regard it with complacency, it seems to us more than likely that Spain is on the way to a complete dissolution of her political unity into its elements.

But though we see, or think we see, signs of a much longer interval than we had hoped before civil order can be re-established in Spain, we are disposed to think that the very process of disintegration itself is as likely as not to overcome that strong municipal feeling, that preference for the authority of local juntas and the federal idea, which is now for the moment clearly in the ascendant. History seems to show that a despotic monarchy, while it admits of something very like practical federation under it, without endangering the outward form of national unity, has very little tendency to produce such ardent popular love of national unity as we have seen prevalent in Europe of late years. But it seems also to show that the inevitable tendency of popular revolutions like that which is now progressing in Spain is to bring about,—through much grief, through tribulation and anguish, and perhaps much blood,—that sense of mutual need and mutual dependence out of which true national unity grows. Revolution on the large scale,—on such a scale as Spain seems but too likely to undergo,—is a terrible fire; but it does frequently seem to fuse the component elements of national life as nothing else fuses them, and this in spite of the bitter party animosities it is apt to excite. We fear the Federal Republic in Spain is little more than a name for a period of revolution; but we should expect to find that the Federal idea itself would hardly survive the chaos into which it will probably plunge Spain, and that Spanish unity will mean a much more solid thing after the chaos than it did before.

ONE reason why Christianity has so little success in the world is because professing Christians subordinate it to so many other considerations. Local residence, occupation, friendship, marriage, are settled, and the question of religion goes for little or nothing. It is compromised, and a compromise is close to a surrender. Were it the ruling principle with

Christians, it would be on the sure way to the world's throne, though it might be through suffering. "Art thou a King then? He answered, Thou sayest. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Thoughts by the Way.



MISUSE OF WORDS.—It is amusing, if not something pitiable, to see how a simple English word, the word *either*, is systematically misunderstood and misapplied. The real meaning of the word is, "one or the other;" just as, in a negative sense, *neither* signifies, "not one nor the other." Shakespeare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, uses both words correctly:

Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

From a strange freak, the term *either* has been very commonly employed to signify each of two, or both. For example, "there stood a pillar on either side of the gateway;" or, "they were seated on either side of the fireplace;" or to take two examples from Lord Lytton's last novel, "A pleasant greensward bordered it on either side"—"the mouth singularly beautiful, with a dimple on either side," the meaning in each case being "both sides;" or, to go a peg lower in the literary scale, and quote from the comic song of the *Bear-skin Coat*:

Fine pockets, large and wide,  
Stood out from either side.

This misuse of *either* is not new. The error occurs several times in the authorized version of the New Testament. Two instances may be given. "They crucified two other with him, on either side one," St. John xix. 18. "On either side of the river was there the tree of life," Rev. xxii. 2. It says little for the scholarship of the translators that they should have perpetuated this abuse of our vernacular, and sanctioned an error so inveterate as to be now almost past correction. Perhaps sound has had something to do with the improper use of *either*. Consisting of two syllables, it may be considered to be more fluent and elegant than the little word *each*; in which way sound is probably preferred to sense. Fashion, however, cannot be permitted to alter the plain meaning of the English language, and we are glad that, according to the newspaper report, the correct definition of *either* was lately vindicated in a suit in Chancery. We give the matter briefly, as it is related. "A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by 'the death of either' of two persons. One learned counsel contended that the word '*either*' meant both; in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the history of the crucifixion, and a passage from Revelation. The learned judge suggested that there was an old song in the *Beggars' Opera*, known to all, which took the opposite view:

How happy could I be with either,  
Were I other dear charmer away.

In pronouncing judgment, the judge dissented entirely from the argument of the learned counsel. '*Either*' meant one of two, and did not mean 'both.' Though occasionally, by

poets and some other writers, the word was employed to signify 'both,' it did not in this case before the court." Though such was the decision, we do not expect that the misuse of *either* will be dropped. In comparison with each, the word is thought pretty, and it will doubtless continue to be misapplied, both in speaking and writing; though, perhaps, testators have received a salutary lesson on the subject.

We might present other instances of the inveterate misuse of words, but content ourselves with drawing attention to one of daily occurrence. We refer to the word *none*, which is simply a contraction of "no one," or "not one," and is accordingly to be used in application to only one thing. Instead, however, of speaking of it in the singular, as "none is," or "not one is," or "not one was," it is almost constantly pluralized; writers saying, "none are," or "none were." They might just as well say "no one were," which they would hardly think of doing. As the English language is a precious inheritance, it would surely be worth while to avoid such a petty misuse of a very simple class of terms.

Chambers' Journal.

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AMONG other evils which the world seems destined to endure until it comes to an end is Greek brigandage. It was confidently asserted a short time ago that arrangements had been entered into between the Greek and Turkish Governments by which brigandage on the Greco-Turkish frontiers was to be extirpated, but it appears that the proposed convention remains in abeyance. In consequence of the recent change of the Ottoman Foreign Minister, the Porte, says the *Levant Herald*, has not yet communicated to the Hellenic Legation the proposal it desires to substitute for that suggested by the Greek Government for the establishment of a neutral zone of a considerable extent on the border, within which the Greek and Turkish troops, either alone or in concert, should be free to pursue or otherwise operate against the brigands without restriction. The Seraskierate, it is understood, objects that this intermediary frontier belt of some twenty-two miles in extent would embrace the Turkish town and fortress of Artá, and a number of Turkish villages and castles in the mountain ranges of Otrýs and Agráphi, and it presumably does not altogether favour a plan which would give Greek troops a free range in those places. It seems nevertheless rather hard on those who are robbed and murdered by the brigands that the two Governments, whose duty it is to preserve order and prevent crime on their frontiers, should have any difficulty in coming to an understanding on this question. In the meantime how the brigands must chuckle!

Pall Mall.